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### POLITICS IN 1882.

IF it could have been known at the beginning of 1882 that in the civilized world there would during the year be a single war, conjecture would have been strained to specify the destined belligerents. The further discovery that Egypt was to be the scene of the contest would scarcely have sufficed to interpret the communication of the oracle. The military revolt by which the authority of the KHEDIVE was afterwards wholly superseded had indeed already begun; and it seemed not improbable that the Turkish Government might interfere for the re-establishment of order. The separate campaign in which English troops defeated ARABI at the head of all the forces of Egypt was so paradoxical, in the original meaning of the word, as almost to justify MR. GLADSTONE'S characteristic denial that so anomalous a war was really a war. The direct results of the enterprise are not yet known; but unexpected light has been thrown on many important questions. The Continent has learned that an English Liberal Government is capable on occasion of appealing to arms; and observant politicians in all countries have been reminded that vigorous action sometimes tends to simplify diplomatic difficulties. When the fleet bombarded Alexandria, and when with the army it occupied the Suez Canal, no European Power raised the smallest objection; yet it might perhaps have been difficult to obtain the previous assent of any of the Governments which were represented in the Conference at Constantinople.

As usual in successful undertakings, energetic measures were facilitated by one or two strokes of luck. It could not have been foreseen that France would refuse to share the responsibility of suppressing the Egyptian rebellion, and that the SULTAN would allow to slip an excellent opportunity for embarrassing the political and military movements of the English Government. The pressure which was vainly applied to induce the SULTAN to send a contingent to Egypt has never been altogether intelligible; but his obstinate refusal practically justified proposals which might, if they had been accepted, have produced troublesome consequences. Even the truism that a strong man armed can only be controlled by a stronger than himself was scarcely received into the English creed until the national pride was gratified by the victory of Tel-el-Kebir. The temporary popularity which the Government has acquired might perhaps have been foreseen. There is much cause for satisfaction in the second proof which has been given within two or three years that military operations can still be conducted by business-like methods to satisfactory results under English officers. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY in Egypt had perhaps not so difficult a task as Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS in Afghanistan; but he did the work which was set before him with equal skill and vigour. Nations are so constituted that they almost always sanction wars which have resulted in success. It remains to be seen whether the excitement produced by the Egyptian campaign will be more lasting than the enthusiasm which attended the English Plenipotentiaries on their return from the Congress of Berlin. It is well that statesmen should learn to rely on the national sympathy which is almost always felt for a bold and spirited policy. There is little reason to fear the growth in England of a spirit of adventure and aggression. The precedent which has been established of war undertaken for the

protection of the Suez Canal will not apply to many other English interests.

In other respects foreign affairs have been tame and uneventful. Since the close of the short Egyptian struggle there has been no disturbance of peace, except that the temple of the South American JANUS is kept open by the indefinite postponement of peace between Chili and Peru. The good offices of the Government of the United States have not been accepted by the victor; but the war has for some time been practically discontinued. There is probably no Peruvian Government stable enough to conclude a peace; but, in default of resistance, the Chilians might perhaps take for themselves the securities which they require, leaving their defeated enemy to acquiesce in unavoidable sacrifices. Lord DALHOUSIE practised a similar policy at the conclusion of the second Burmese war. When he deemed a treaty to be either unattainable or useless, he took possession of the territory which suited him, and caused it to be understood that he would not interfere with the remaining dominions of the vanquished King. It can scarcely be the intention of the Chilian Government to retain possession of Lima and the Peruvian coast; and their occupation of the mineral district which was the original subject of the quarrel is not for the present likely to be disputed. The war seemed at one time likely to produce diplomatic complications in consequence of the pretensions of the American SECRETARY OF STATE to assert an exclusive right of interference with independent States in all parts of the Continent. The subsequent retirement of Mr. BLAINE from office gave the PRESIDENT a convenient opportunity of tacitly abandoning an untenable claim. If it were not for the exceptional and unprecedented difficulties connected with Egypt, the English Foreign Office might almost enjoy a holiday.

The only domestic questions which have greatly interested either Parliament or the country have been abundantly, if not exhaustively, discussed. The new Rules of Procedure, the Arrears Act, and the Irish Coercion Act are now only interesting in respect of their current and future operation. Some veteran members of the House of Commons are of opinion that the hopes and fears which were excited by the new process for closing debates will prove to have been excessive. The temper in which the change was introduced by the Ministers and accepted by the majority excited just alarm. The text of the Standing Order might have been more calmly criticized, if it had not appeared that the new process was directed rather against the regular Opposition than against the small obstructive faction. MR. GLADSTONE may perhaps have formed a just estimate of the comparative importance of the provisions for closing debate, and of the system of Grand Committees. The House has consented to delegate in certain cases its function of inquiry into legislative details. Whether it will habitually accept the decision of its Committees can only be ascertained by experiment. Of the two Irish Bills which principally occupied the last Session, the Arrears Act seems already to have failed, and the Coercion Act has, like many previous measures of the kind, attained a not inconsiderable success. The Ministers are perhaps justified in several recent declarations that the state of Ireland has perceptibly improved. It is strange that some of them should have condescended to attribute to the Land Act and the Arrears Act the natural consequences of a more vigorous administration of justice. The

most satisfactory change which can be discerned by ordinary observers is the renewed disposition of juries to discharge their duty. Even in Cork and in Sligo verdicts have been returned against assassins in accordance with the evidence, and Dublin juries have deserved well of the country by defying in the cause of justice not incon siderable dangers. Whether further concessions to clamour and crime will be made in the next Session is a question which apparently depends on a conflict in the Cabinet which awaits the arbitration of the PRIME MINISTER. Lord DERBY, and Mr. FORSTER, who, notwithstanding his retirement, is probably supported by a section of his former colleagues, have protested against further attempts to buy off disaffection by arbitrary transfers of property. Perhaps Lord DERBY may, as on former occasions, waive his convictions, if the opposite policy of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN finds favour with Mr. GLADSTONE.

If the plant of Irish legislation is not once more dug up to examine its growth, zealous Liberals will be eager to prove that it is not through prudent fear of change that they have allowed English institutions to prolong their existence during two or three years. The Parliamentary franchise is, for obvious reasons, to be reserved to the last. The majority of members would naturally deprecate a premature dissolution, especially as many of them will be irrevocably displaced in consequence of the projected redistribution of seats. The first victims in order are the county justices and the Corporation of London. Lord DERBY contemptuously remarked of one proposed change that the only objection to elected County Boards is that they will have little or nothing to do. When all the rates are paid by owners, and all expenditure determined by the representatives of occupiers and labourers, it is not impossible that the new ruler of the counties may prove to be a King Stork rather than a King Log. The new organization will do no good; and, if Lord DERBY is right, it will do comparatively little harm. No other threatened Liberal measure is likely to be equally innocuous. The object and the future result of the organization of County Boards will be to diminish the authority and influence of country gentlemen. The abolition of the ancient Corporation of London, and the substitution of a new and Radical municipality, will probably produce unmixed evil, though the extent of the mischief cannot be accurately estimated beforehand. There is not yet a Mayor of Paris, and there is a Mayor of Dublin. The prudence of French Republicans and the fantastic proceedings of the Dublin Corporation and its head might suggest caution to Ministers who had the good of the nation at heart rather than the gratification of Liberal prejudices. It is not absolutely impossible that in troubled times there may be a Lord Mayor of the type of Mr. DAWSON exercising legal authority over a district as populous as a third-rate Continental State. There is not the smallest reason to expect that the constitution of a central municipality will improve the administration of a city which, with all its defects, is the cleanest, the healthiest, the safest, and the most orderly in the world. Modern Liberals are superior to utilitarian considerations; and, if they combine municipal deterioration with political risk, they will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are occupied in the honourable task of destruction.

#### EGYPT.

**E**GYPT has become what Mr. GLADSTONE proposed Home Rule should be—an interesting puzzle of which every one who liked puzzles should be invited to furnish the solution. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, to whom the invitation was sure to have special attractions, has come forward in the *Fortnightly Review* as the latest aspirant to the honour of giving a prize answer about Egypt. Two guineas is the recognized reward of success in this line of effort; and, if there was any one to pay the money, Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL fairly deserves it. As a prize answer his solution is not a bad one. It has the great merit of being well worked out after its peculiar pattern. Substantially, his answer is Mr. COURTY'S answer. He proposed that the Egyptians should be allowed to stew in their own juice. But he has worked out in detail what Mr. COURTY only worked out in the rough. He has thought out with some degree of adequacy what leaving the Egyptians to stew in their own juice really means. He classifies the possible objections to his scheme, and deals with them one after another. There

is, for example, the KHEDIVE. What is to become of the KHEDIVE if we go away as things are now? Nothing could be simpler to Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL. All we have to do is to give the KHEDIVE a native army, and leave him to fight it out with his own troops. Then there are the International Courts and the Capitulations. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL is perfectly at ease. There shall be no International Courts, no Capitulations, no anything. The way to get over the public debt is equally complete. It is said that Egypt will be bankrupt. Why should it not be bankrupt? answers Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL. Let it keep its money, and be happy. No nation really loses by not meeting its engagements. The bondholders would lose, but Egypt would gain. As to the Suez Canal, that has nothing whatever to do with Egypt. It is, as Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL observes, with a geographical boldness quite permissible to the author of a prize answer, an arm of the sea separated from Egypt proper by a great desert. None of the parties fighting with each other in Egypt would ever think of pushing as far as those remote waters. But even if any of them was ambitious enough to send a hostile caravan over the vast barren tract between Egypt and the Canal, Spain and Holland would come to the rescue, and kill off the few surviving camels of these desperate adventurers. Lastly, there is always the chance of new European interference in Egypt. But this risk, Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL thinks, might be greatly minimized, if not altogether averted, by all the European Powers undertaking that no single Power should ever again intervene in Egypt until the other Powers agreed in asking it to intervene. They might be trusted never so to agree, and so there could be none of that intervention which would be so serious an obstacle to the quiet stewing of the Egyptians.

To leave Egypt in a state of chronic civil war, bankrupt, giving no protection to foreigners, shut off from Europe, and doing no harm to that arm of the sea or ditch, the Suez Canal, only because it could never traverse the enormous Sahara which must eternally prevent the Egyptian cavalry from pushing on beyond Kassassin Lock to Ismailia, is a very poor end, even in Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL's opinion, of the military interference of England. But Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL tells us that he never approved of this military interference. It has taken place, and therefore he will not cry over spilt milk; but he will try to lap up as much as he can of the milk that has been spilt. The use of writers like Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL is too great to be overlooked. They seem, at first sight, to be merely treating details in an odd, fanciful manner. But they gradually make clear what are the governing assumptions on which they rely. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, and all who write on Egypt in the same strain, really set out with the assumption that we have no interests in Egypt to guard, and no duties in Egypt to fulfil. The present Government and the vast majority of Englishmen decided that we have interests in Egypt to guard which it was worth while to send out the flower of our army, and that we have duties to Egypt which we can only fulfil by staying there until they are fulfilled. We put down the rebellion in Egypt because it interfered with our road to India. Having put it down, we are trying to introduce good government into Egypt, partly because it is our interest to see that the best guarantee for our having an open road to India shall be established, and partly because it is our duty to see that our interference shall not prove a lasting curse to the poor people of the country in which we interfered. How each detail of Egyptian government and administration is treated will entirely depend on which assumption—the assumption that England has no interests and duties in Egypt, or the assumption that she has both—this treatment is founded. When Parliament reassembles, the Government will have to give at least an outline or sketch of its scheme for the government of Egypt. Any possible scheme will be exposed to innumerable criticisms, and, among others, to the criticism of those who think that much milk has been spilt, and that they can show how a little of what has been spilt may be lapped up. The only way to meet criticism of this sort is to show that it is based on a policy totally distinct from that which the Government has deliberately adopted and pursued. The tests of a scheme based on the policy of the Government are—that it adequately guards English interests; that it will properly protect foreigners; that it will be beneficial to the natives; and that it deserves to be considered reasonable by Europe, as coming from a nation that has fought for its interests and is determined to

fulfil its duties. It is impossible that any scheme should be perfect. It is, perhaps, impossible that it should not have many manifest imperfections. What may be fairly required of the Government is that its scheme shall be plainly founded on the protection of interests and the fulfilment of duties; and that, where it has had nothing but a choice of evils, it has prudently chosen the least.

In its endeavours to fulfil the duties of England to Egypt the Government meets with innumerable difficulties; but the greatest of these difficulties, the difficulty which is at the root of all other difficulties, is the difficulty of dealing with the ruling class in Egypt. It is only because their religion is the same that the rulers and the ruled are ordinarily confounded. Really, there are millions of the ruled descended from the old Egyptians, with a slight mixture of Arab blood, and there are a few thousands of Turkish, Circassian, or Albanian rulers. These foreign rulers got hold of much of the land—holding it on a tenure which largely exempted them from taxes—all the chief posts of Government, and the command of the army. There were not enough of them to occupy all the posts of administration, and they therefore admitted to subordinate posts those Egyptians who made their way by cringing and by a readiness to adopt the arts of government which their masters employed. Except so far as European supervision controlled them, the Turks governed Egypt as Turks govern a conquered province, and the few Egyptians who were in any way conspicuous helped to govern Egypt on the same pattern. After Tel-el-Kebir the ruling class saw a very good time before it. It hoped to pursue to ruin and death all those who had dared to oppose it, and it hoped to get at its disposal a trusty kindred army, supplied by a new influx of Turks, Circassians, Albanians, and comrades of a like stamp. The English Government would not tolerate these fruits of its intervention. It insisted on clemency to the vanquished, and itself assumed the command of the new Egyptian army. It has thus prevented the abuse of power by the ruling class, but it has not created or found any classes who can be trusted with power. If we left Egypt to-morrow, and prevented any further European interference, we should leave behind us a knot of masterful, tyrannical, corrupt Mahomedan foreigners, a body of cringing, tyrannical, corrupt Egyptian officials, and millions of helpless, passive, plundered peasants. This is the Egypt that would be stewing in its own juice. It follows that we cannot leave Egypt to-morrow, or on any day the dawning of which can be anticipated. Duty forbids us to accept so frightful a state of misery and confusion as the sole result of Tel-el-Kebir, and we cannot possibly prevent the further interference of Europe in Egypt. This interference is not occasional. It is continuous, going on every day and every hour, and is the direct consequence of the past history of Egypt. A Turkish province with a Turkish ruling class has been long treated by the Christian Powers as such provinces are wont to be treated, only that in Egypt the treatment has been in recent years of a peculiarly rigorous and comprehensive kind. What with capitulations, international tribunals, and liquidation laws, Egypt is bound hand and foot to the European. It is idle to suppose that Europe will abandon its rights of interference in Egypt unless the purposes of this interference are answered by something that adequately replaces it. Possibly it may admit that the interference of England alone shall be considered a sufficient substitute for the general interference of Europe. It is even possible that, if England created a good government in Egypt, Europe might be brought to accept the establishment and continuance of this good government as a substitute in its turn for the sole interference of England.

#### SIR CHARLES DILKE'S APPOINTMENT.

**T**O those persons who do not think the study of politics incompatible with a remembrance of literature, the comments of certain spokesmen of advanced Radicalism on the appointment of Sir CHARLES DILKE to an office of Cabinet rank are irresistibly suggestive of certain words of one of Sir WALTER SCOTT's most lifelike and agreeable characters. "Mind, my bonny bairn," said MAUSE HEADRIGG to her son CUDDIE, when she fondly thought that he was going to testify gloriously for the truth with his mouth before the Council, "mind and dinna let the 'fear o' losing creature comforts withdraw ye from the

"gude fight. Oh, hinny! dinna sully the bridal garment." There are evidently doubts in the minds of the persons above referred to (as there are said to be in the minds of some of the electors of Chelsea) as to the continuous spotlessness of Sir CHARLES DILKE's garment. "The Poor Law," he is warned, "may seem a dull squalid subject after the glitter of diplomacy," and Overseers and Guardians are less lively personages than "gossiping Secretaries of Legation." But the Guardians and Overseers are "much the more important." This comparative estimate of the importance of foreign and domestic politics is of course one of the commonplace formulas of Radicalism—a variety of political faith or unfaith which has by this time come to put its trust more entirely in formulas than any other variety. It is, equally of course, absurd. The domestic policy of a tolerably well-governed country requires little more than judicious supervision, with the result of a great deal of judicious letting alone. Foreign policy in these modern days of rapid and annihilating wars involves the question of the very existence of the nation.

There is probably but little ground for the suspicions apparently entertained of Sir CHARLES DILKE's orthodoxy in the Radical faith. He is, indeed, never likely (being a person of intelligence) to acquiesce in the peculiar mental inertia which seems to be the chief requirement of the latest type of Radical. But an intelligent politician who deliberately chose such a party as Sir CHARLES DILKE chose, and who signalized his adoption of it by such a course of proceeding as he selected, has given hostages to his party which are almost unredeemable. It is quite conceivable that Sir CHARLES DILKE may be uncomfortable when he sees Mr. BRADLAUGH bettering his instruction in the arts that caused himself to rise. It is still more conceivable that his experience of men and business has shown him that much of the Radical creed is impracticable, and that much more can only be put in practice with the result of certain ruin to the nation which practises it. To allow as much as this is but what common sense and fairness demand in relation to a man who, whatever lack of scruple he may have shown, has never shown any lack of intellect. But to suppose that Sir CHARLES DILKE is on his way to moderate Liberalism, or Whiggism, or Toryism, would be as foolish as to insinuate without supposing it would be unfair. He cannot as he grows older fail to see more and more clearly the folly of Radicalism; it does not at all follow that his intellectual convictions will have any more influence on his public acts than intellectual convictions often, if not generally, have—that is to say, little or none. The vague distrust with which he appears to be regarded by some members of his party is the usual lot of very clever men who are not quite scrupulous or not quite unscrupulous enough. Their party—containing, like all parties, a majority of men who are not clever at all—is half angry with them for being more clear-sighted than itself, and half suspicious of their fidelity for the same reason. For it is one of the most curious of moral facts that a stupid man, although he would indignantly reject the idea of his own stupidity, is always suspicious of the orthodoxy in his own belief of a man whom he feels to be intellectually cleverer than himself. The application of this undoubted, but much-neglected, truth in politics at the present moment would lead to some very curious studies, which cannot be appropriately pursued here. But it is sufficient to observe that, as the natural differentia of a Radical is intolerance of the superiority of any one else, as the party creed tends yearly to become more and more "stupid" in the proper sense—that is to say, more and more stereotyped and careless of the facts of life and history—and as its mere numerical extension carries with it the inevitable consequence of the inclusion of a greater number of fools, Radical statesmen must lay their account with more and more of this distrust. How Mr. GLADSTONE escapes it would be one of the most interesting of the studies above suggested.

The practical effects of the new appointment to the Local Government Board are not likely to be of a very momentous character. Sir CHARLES DILKE will pretty certainly be re-elected, though it is probable, if not certain, that if the constituency of Chelsea were polled out, an anti-Ministerial candidate would have a large majority. But the borough contains perhaps a larger number in proportion than any other of that middle-middle class whose occupations or whose apathy make it almost impossible to get them to the poll—a state of things the unwholesome-

ness of which may be deplored, but must be acknowledged. Whether the conservative (using the word not in the party sense) classes of England will ever reach the state of fatal lethargy which weighs on the similar classes in France cannot be known, but they are apparently on the way to it. The probabilities are, therefore, in favour of Sir CHARLES DILKE returning to Parliament in his new capacity. It will not be easy to find a successor for him at the Foreign Office, for since the deportation of Mr. GRANT DUFF it is difficult to think of a single member on the Government side of the House of Commons (except, perhaps, Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE) who has the necessary knowledge or ability. As becomes a younger son, Lord EDMOND has shown himself more capacious of swallow than his elder brother in respect of political doctrine, and he deserves his reward. Mr. DODSON's presence anywhere or nowhere can make no difference in the political situation; but at the Duchy he will have more leisure to devote to his last and most daring occupation, the preparation of jokes on the Government side. Sir CHARLES DILKE himself will have to undertake work which, by those who practically know it, is held to be among the hardest, if not the most difficult, of any Government office, though it is certainly the least obtrusive. It has been suggested that this is excellent training for one who is to rule, as it is taken for granted that Sir CHARLES will rule, "a healthy democracy." A healthy democracy may be allowed to be at least a neat and well-arranged contradiction in terms. But it is not inexpedient that a statesman of whatever party should have a wide experience of different public offices. Nothing tends so much to dispel the notions which encourage the two opposite faults of statesmanship—ultra-Tory negligence and ultra-Radical meddling. But it is rather curious that Sir CHARLES DILKE's Radicalism should be thought likely to save him from the danger of vexatious and unnecessary interference. For the loudest clamour of the modern Radical is for interference—in his own interests, of course, and in those solely—but still for interference. The constituents, virtual as well as formal, of Mr. BUST and Mr. BROADHURST clamour for more Inspectors, in order that smart money may be more constantly got out of employers. Radicalism, on the whole, distinctly encourages the increased interference of the State on such matters as Sunday Closing, and the maintenance of an army of spies and informers to enforce that interference. The latest hope of the party, Mr. SMITH of Liverpool, as far as it is possible to understand his utterances, would apparently have a system of Inspectors to see that every man does to his neighbour as he would be done by, and a complete State machinery for putting backbones into the weak and helpless. All these things, whether technically matters of local government or reserved for the Home Office, are more closely connected in spirit with Sir CHARLES DILKE's new department than with any other. If he does not take up the reins of that department in an anti-interference temper, he will, according to his monitors, be false to his training; if he does, he will certainly disappoint the miners and Mr. SMITH. Most of all, he will disappoint the great constituency of Birmingham, whose views on the proper administration of the Poor Law have been lately announced in so instructive a manner. The responsibilities imposed by the craving of the modern Radical for State aid, State assistance, State loaves and fishes and crutches, rest to some extent on the broad back of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. But the President of the Local Government Board has enough to do with them to make his office burdensome to him if he is troubled with the ideas of a Liberal of yesterday on such points. As for the addition of an advanced Radical to the Cabinet, the importance of this is more nominal than real, so long as Downing Street is an absolute Monarchy of Whims, with Mr. GLADSTONE for Monarch.

#### LORD DERBY ON ENGLISH ALLIANCES.

WHEN Lord DERBY in his speech at Manchester attached great importance to friendly relations with France, he justly supposed that he was repeating a truism; and it perhaps never occurred to him that, in assigning reasons for his opinion, he enunciated an obsolete proposition which has almost degenerated into a paradox. There ought, according to Lord DERBY, to be a close alliance between England and France because they are, in his judg-

ment, the freest nations in Europe. On this account he rather suggests than asserts that they have antagonistic interests to the other Great Powers, who are invidiously described as absolutist. It might be plausibly contended that, if similarity of institutions is an international bone of union, every other European country west of the Russian border is more similar than France in its form of government to England. In Germany and the dual Austrian Empire, as in England and France, the control of taxation and expenditure is exercised by Parliamentary Assemblies; and though it is an open secret that one powerful statesman personally controls the policy of Prussia and of the Empire, his power rests on his character and on the confidence of his countrymen rather than on the prerogative of the Sovereign. As long as nearly the whole of Germany willingly entrusts to Prince BISMARCK the control of foreign policy, he necessarily exerts a predominant influence over domestic affairs; yet his legislative proposals are frequently rejected both by the Prussian and by the Imperial Parliament. It is much easier to thwart Prince BISMARCK at Berlin than to prevent Mr. GLADSTONE from trying revolutionary experiments at Westminster; yet the English Constitution is not, in the ordinary sense, a system of absolute government. In Austria and Hungary Ministers are compelled to consult the wishes, not only of two independent Legislatures, but of the Delegation which represents both bodies in their federal capacity. The chief magistrates of every State in Europe, except France and Switzerland, are hereditary kings, subject to constitutional restrictions, which in England alone are traditional and unwritten. That France is a democratic Republic is no cause for jealousy or hostility, nor is it a ground for exclusive friendship.

The Holy Alliance and the propagandist Republic of 1793 professed and exemplified the doctrines which Lord DERBY seems not to have outgrown. The Convention openly avowed the purpose of assisting insurgents in every other country to establish Republican institutions by force. In the next generation ALEXANDER I. and METTERNICH undertook to maintain absolute monarchy on the Continent of Europe; and the French Government of the Restoration, at their instance, restored the despotism of FERDINAND VII. in Spain. CANNING, supposing on probably insufficient ground that the Holy Alliance was about to extend its operations to America, elicited from the President of the United States the Monroe doctrine, which has ever since been used as a menace to England. The close connexion which then existed between theories of government and international relations accounted for CANNING's opposition to the Holy Alliance and for PALMERSTON'S Quadruple Treaty on behalf of Spanish Liberal monarchy, and for his later efforts to promote Italian unity and independence. Nations and governments have not since discontinued the habit of meditating aggrandizement at the expense of their neighbours; but political crusades or wars of opinion have gone wholly out of fashion. NAPOLEON III., on the eve of the annexation of Savoy and Nice, boasted that France, alone among nations, was capable of going to war for an idea. When the Germans protested against a wanton attack by their march on Paris, the only idea for which they fought was a resolution that their ancient enemy should not again disturb the peace with impunity. There is no longer any question of declining to recognize and tolerate any form of government which a nation may choose for itself. It follows that alliances depend on consistency or conflict of interests, and not on constitutional or absolutist sympathies. The party which Lord DERBY has now joined cordially cooperated with Russia when the Bulgarian outrages served as an excuse for precipitating the long postponed invasion of Turkey; yet the most extravagant of religious or ethnological partisans could scarcely have contended that Russia shared with England the credit of being one of the freest nations of the world. It is true that Lord DERBY was then on the other side, and that he inopportune relied on the peaceable intentions of the subsequent aggressor because the Russian finances would not bear the strain of a war. He then made no reference to the absolute form of government, which had in fact nothing to do with Russian policy.

The supposed harmony of English and French institutions was suggested as a reason for a conciliatory policy in Egypt. There is but one opinion in England as to the expediency of avoiding, if possible, collision with French susceptibilities; but since the beginning of the Egyptian

complications constant deference has failed to satisfy the shifting pretensions of successive French Governments. The only definite French proposal which was rejected by Lord GRANVILLE was a joint intervention in Egypt, which was afterwards condemned by the Chamber. The French Ministers objected to Turkish intervention; and they unwillingly gave a tacit assent to the English expedition. They have since insisted that the Joint Control which France had done nothing to protect ought to be re-established as soon as the rebellion was crushed by English arms. An exhortation to the English people to come to an understanding with France is scarcely distinguishable from an acknowledgment that the pretensions of the French Government are reasonable. If M. GAMBETTA and his organs are in the right, they ought to have their way, not because France is a Republic, but because their claims are just. It happens that the alleged participation of the two countries in the benefits of freedom affords no security for English interests which may conflict with the French designs in other parts of the world. The proposed exclusion of English commerce and of Protestant proselytism from Madagascar is not rendered more palatable by the abolition of monarchy in France. The intended protectorate of Tonquin, the appropriation to French traders of an indefinite area in the interior of Africa, the probable establishment of a French naval station in the Red Sea, are schemes which will not be abandoned or modified in compliment to the democratic tendencies of English Liberalism. The Association which has been established in Paris for the avowed purpose of thwarting English policy in all parts of the world appears not to share Lord DERBY's belief in the political sympathy between the two freest nations in Europe.

There is perhaps comparatively little harm in the assumption that certain nations ought to be courted and cultivated as allies. It is much more objectionable wantonly to denounce other Powers as natural enemies. Even if Germany and Austria were absolute monarchies, it is both offensive and unnecessary to specify peculiarities which have nothing to do with friendship or enmity. For many generations the German Governments, which were then despotic in their organization, were associated with constitutional England in repeated leagues for the maintenance of the balance of power and of the independence of Europe. Their interests are neither more nor less identical with those of England because they have adopted representative Constitutions. The only European States which are at any time likely to pursue an aggressive course of policy are France and Russia. England has neither the wish nor the power to make territorial acquisitions on the Continent; and Germany has enough to do in defending itself against military States on the east and on the west. It was because the central Powers are pledged by their situation to a policy of self-defence that Lord SALISBURY some years ago hailed the tidings of an alliance between Germany and Austria in a vein of Scriptural enthusiasm. It is indeed doubtful whether the combination promotes goodwill in France or in Russia; but it is the best of all possible securities for peace. When either France or Russia is supposed to assume a menacing attitude, the vigilant guardian of peace at Varzin takes occasion to remind possible enemies that they will have two great Empires and two formidable armies to encounter. A recent intimation to this effect has had an immediate effect in producing the most friendly assurances on the part of Russia. As the arrangement, though it was not designed for the benefit of England, is in a high degree conducive to the maintenance of peace, it is difficult to understand why Lord DERBY should have used language which was unfriendly to the allied Empires. Both the German and the Austrian Governments have carefully abstained from acts and words which might have added to the embarrassments of the English Government in Egypt. They at least were not alienated by any possible difference between their own institutions and the English representative system. The least that English statesmen can do in return is to treat two great and friendly nations with goodwill and respect.

#### M. GAMBETTA'S ECCLESIASTICAL POLICY.

AMONG English newspapers there is none probably to which M. GAMBETTA and the French Opportunists are more disposed to listen than the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It would

be well for France if they would lay to heart some very sensible observations which appeared in that journal a few days since. They were written with reference to England, but they have at least as much meaning for Frenchmen as they have for ourselves. The writer, after admitting that even when the theoretical co-extension of churchmanship and citizenship has broken down, there may be "intelligible and rational reasons for attempting to preserve the Establishment," remarks that this end cannot be "gained by any other method than that of cordial or outwardly cordial agreement between Church and State." It may be expedient that the State should still attempt "to direct and regulate the forces wielded by the Church" by way of "maintaining guarantees against her influence being employed for political objects adverse to civil authority and civil interests." But it is "absurd to suppose that the dictation of the State can be openly imposed, and that the reluctance of the Church to submit can be openly displayed, and yet this spiritual influence continue to be influenced by the latter, and appropriated by the former as before." This is said in support of the very rational contention that, if the English Establishment is to last, "the Ritualist party must somehow or other be conciliated." But, if it is true of England that an Established Church can only be useful when the relations between it and the State are at least outwardly cordial, it is still more true of France. The anarchical forces with which the State has there to contend are far greater than they are here; the controlling powers which the Church wields have not fallen into the same disuse. Consequently, the State has more to gain by being on good terms with the Church, and more to lose by being on bad terms with her. Yet the common-sense view of the situation which suggests itself to an English Radical has apparently no place in the mind of a French Opportunist. The Extreme Left are in this, as in most other respects, entirely logical. As the Church is the natural enemy of the Republic, so the Republic is the natural enemy of the Church. The war between them can only end by the destruction of one or other combatant, and all that the Republic has to think of is how to fight so as best to ensure that the downfall of the Church shall be speedy and irremediable. But the Opportunists, though they will declaim by the hour against Clericalism, are not willing to abolish the Concordat. Their idea is that the connexion between Church and State must be maintained in order to keep the Church on her good behaviour. Left to herself she might be a dangerous foe; harnessed and firmly driven she will be a useful ally. The theory is reasonable enough if it be taken with the proviso added by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. If the Republic made it the interest of the Church to be friendly to the powers that be, it might expect to see the efforts of other parties to turn the influence of the Church to their own purposes steadily discouraged. This disposition on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities would be met half way by reason of the class sympathy that exists between the clergy and the peasantry. The villager may often be on bad terms with the curé, but it is not because the curé is an aristocrat. The priest and his flock are ordinarily on the same social level, and but for professional feeling they would ordinarily entertain the same political opinions. It should be the business of a wise Republican to take care that professional feeling does not come in and prevent this identity from showing itself. He would aim at giving the parochial clergy an additional reason for wishing well to the Republic over and above the fact that it is the Government to which their fathers and brothers wish well. But then to play this part with success Republicans must not be fanatics, and fanaticism is of all qualities the one which a French Republican seems least able to lay aside.

In many ways M. GAMBETTA has shown an unusual faculty of doing this. He has invented a new name for readiness to make compromises, and he has risked, if not sacrificed, his popularity with the classes which in the first instance regarded him as their leader by applying an Opportunist treatment to many questions which an ordinary French Radical would have solved by a far shorter method. M. GAMBETTA stands honourably marked out among French politicians by the absence of political rancour. If the necessities of government make it expedient for him to work with a politician to whom he has been violently opposed, the situation is frankly accepted, and the alliance made as heartily as though the parties to it had not been enemies yesterday, and were not destined to be enemies again to-morrow. But to this faculty of reconciliation whenever

circumstances seem to demand it there has for a long time past been one striking exception. M. GAMBETTA seldom loses an occasion of giving the Church a blow; and, under a Concordat worked by hostile hands, these occasions are many. Recent legislation, moreover, has greatly tended to multiply them. When, as in France, religion is almost synonymous with a particular form of religion, the Church feels the force of all the attacks of which religion is the object. It is a singular fact that, though of late years the doctrine most assailed by the advanced Republicans has been one common to every kind of belief that is content to call itself religious—the existence of God—the defence of religion has been undertaken by only one of the religious bodies which receive State recognition. Neither the French Protestants nor the French Jews have borne any part in it. All the unpopularity that is incurred by defending religion, even in the most abstract and general way, has been laid at the door of Catholicism, and the result is that the strife between the Republic and the Church seems never to be suspended even for a moment. Instead of the "cordial or outwardly 'cordial agreement,'" which an English observer, even of the pronounced Radical type, can see to be indispensable if the State is to benefit by the existence of an Established Church, the relations between the two are uniformly hostile. Had Pius IX. been still Pope, this state of things would have been perfectly natural. About Pius IX. there was always a tinge of the revolutionary ardour of his younger days, and to the end he never seemed so much at his ease as when he was at war with all the established Governments of Europe. But under Leo XIII., this provocation is no longer given. The one aim of the present Pope is to live peaceably with all men, and specially with all established Governments. But for this disposition on his part the quarrel between the French Republic and the Church would long since have become acute. Neither the late nor the present Nuncio would have been chosen to represent the Holy See at Paris; either diplomatic relations would have been altogether suspended, or the Nuncio would have identified himself with that section of the French clergy who are Royalists, if not before they are Catholics, at least very soon after. As it is, the Pope has repeatedly turned the other cheek to the French Government, with as yet no result except that it has been at once smitten.

It may be objected that a course of policy has been attributed to M. GAMBETTA which is really the work of other men. He himself was in office but a few weeks; and, though those few weeks were undoubtedly well employed, no part of the legislation which the Church so much resents really falls within that particular period. The answer is that, though M. GAMBETTA was only a few weeks in office in name, he has scarcely ever been out of office in fact. Ministry has succeeded Ministry, and in each his influence has been omnipotent. The one thing that each has cared about is how it stood with M. GAMBETTA. Everything it has done has been done to secure his good will or to avert his hostility. It cannot be supposed that M. DUCLEEC, who is a Minister of an older French type than most of those who have lately held portfolios, has any desire to support the Municipal Council of Paris in what it is pleased to call the "laicization" of every institution in the capital; or to throw his official shield over every elementary teacher who insists upon using some manual of civil instruction the object of which is to uproot theistic superstition; or even—to come down to very small matters indeed—to withdraw the police who have been accustomed to keep order in the Paris churches during the midnight mass on Christmas Eve. M. DUCLEEC in all these things does but try to conciliate a Chamber which, though it may not have much love for M. GAMBETTA's person, is still greatly influenced by his policy. It is this fact that makes the hope here expressed natural and reasonable. When M. GAMBETTA recovers from his present illness, he will still find himself a great power in France. The future of the country will, in a great degree, be in his hands to shape; and, if he is to shape it to any good purpose, he will do well to lay to heart the pertinent criticism of his English ally.

#### IRELAND.

THE season of Christmas, being a season of little business, is naturally a season of much rumour, and rumour this year (probably stimulated by the Ministerial changes) has been specially active in regard to Ireland.

It is known that Mr. HAMILTON, the temporary Under-Secretary, is naturally anxious to return to his proper duties in London, and this has been taken as an occasion for renewing the old clamour against the Castle. It might have been thought that the events of last spring, when a similar clamour was translated into deeds by the murder of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH and Mr. BURKE, would have acted as a warning against this cry, which can proceed from one only of two causes, ignorance or disloyalty, and which in English newspapers, if not in Irish speakers like DAVITT, may happily be set down with tolerable confidence to the former cause. The "Castle clique" certainly does not "express the wishes" of a large number of Irishmen. But the large number of Irishmen whose wishes it does not express are those who wish for separation from England. If the administration of Ireland is to be put into the hands of the Nationalists, agitation against the Castle is quite intelligible, and may possibly be intelligent. But it cannot be intelligibly or intelligently conducted on any other footing. As for the also rumoured retirement of Lord SPENCER, there is, it may be hoped, no solid reason for apprehending that grave misfortune. It can be said without hesitation that no other of Mr. GLADSTONE's colleagues combines the knowledge of Ireland, the administrative skill, and the indifference to popular clamour which distinguish Mr. BIGGAR's "bloodthirsty English peer." The removal or retirement of Lord SPENCER would infallibly be taken to mean that the Government is weary of well-doing, and an immense impulse would be given to the new National League movement, which, in the difficulties which beset the application of the usual propaganda of alternate agitation and murder, seems at present to hang fire.

The series of prosecutions in which the Government has engaged is perhaps of more doubtful wisdom than its energetic action in punishing murderers. The practical collapse of the action taken against Messrs. HEALY, DAVITT, and QUINN was a most unfortunate beginning; the reported notice taken of Mr. BIGGAR's already quoted words was not a very happy continuance; and the prosecution of *United Ireland* is perhaps the most clumsily performed application of a sound general principle that even Anglo-Irish administrators have ever made themselves responsible for. It seems to be insufficiently understood that a course of government of the confessedly high-handed kind, on which the Government has not without cause embarked, cannot be pursued without a corresponding sharpness in regard to the details of procedure. The interchange of compliments between Government Law Officers and the accused, and the regard shown to the convenience of the latter, was justly deprecated in the DAVITT-HEALY business. The complaisance shown to the editor of *United Ireland* is, in a similar way, to be deprecated. Sympathizers with revolution may cry out as much as they please against such protests; but it is a proposition in which it might be thought that all reasonable men would agree, that you cannot (speaking metaphorically) mix up a state of siege and a Habeas Corpus Act. The measures which are now pursued in Ireland are confessedly beyond what would be pursued in ordinary times, if they are not directly contrary to the ordinary spirit of English government. It is, therefore, only consistent in applying them to disregard that spirit wherever it is necessary. To decide upon seizing an author's papers, and to send him notice of the intention over-night, was quite intelligible under the old régime in France, because the thing was understood to be a farce. But the measures now taken for restoring order in Ireland are not supposed to be intended as farcical, and the final results of the system of government just quoted in parallel were not so satisfactory as to afford an encouraging precedent. The utmost care of course should be taken not to bring any charge, make any arrest, or effect any seizure, without ample proof of the necessity of the case. But when any such measure has been decided on, the etiquette of delay and "law," which is suitable in ordinary cases, is entirely out of place. The proceedings should be cut down to the irreducible minimum of accusation, evidence, defence, and deliberation as to sentence. It is said (to give an instance of the contrary course of proceeding) that many witnesses, including two Roman Catholic Bishops, are to be examined to show that the incriminated article in *United Ireland* was justifiable. This is simply trifling with the matter. In such a case, when the authorship of the article, or the responsibility for it, is once proved or acknowledged, the

opinion of a Roman Catholic bishop on its effect is about as valuable, or as valueless, as the opinion of a London crossing-sweeper. There really remains nothing but for the appointed authority—magistrate, jury, or judge, as the case may be—to hear what the accused has to say at moderate length in his own defence, to decide on his guilt or innocence, and (in the magistrate's or judge's case) to apportion the penalty if he be held guilty. Either the state of Ireland is a state of emergency or it is not. If it is not, the special Acts of Parliament under which it is being administered are unjustifiable; if it is, the legal procedure necessary to administer them cannot be too short, sharp, and decisive.

The reported renewal of distress in the West is also a subject which must be taken into serious consideration. It is not at all necessary to suspect or impute invention in those who allege this distress. It may be somewhat exaggerated for party purposes, but it undoubtedly exists. The fact that it exists, and that Mr. GLADSTONE's recent policy tends only to perpetuate it, is one of the very strongest arguments against that policy. But so long as it exists—that is to say, so long as the policy of "rooting in the soil" tenants or holders whom the soil cannot possibly support is pursued—it will be open to agitators of the Parnellite school to use it for their own purposes, and for English politicians of the stamp of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to make a secondary use of it for theirs. It cannot be too often repeated (and the bitterness with which the revolutionary party has taken Lord DERBY's utterances is the best proof of its truth) that without emigration—emigration wholesale and immediate—the West and South of Ireland are doomed by the facts of nature to misery, and to serve merely as a lever to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. PARRELL. The emigration must be wholesale, for nothing less can do much good; it must be immediate, because, according to Irish habits, partial and dribbling relief of the overcharged soil will do no good at all. The swarming families of the peasantry will take the place of those who depart, and bring the problem back again. It is a natural fact, which no political convenience of any party will alter, that prosperity for Ireland is hopeless unless the greater part of the West and South is cultivated only on the great scale by farmers of large capital, who can afford either to graze, to sheep-farm, or to expend the enormous sums necessary to fit the land for tillage, and who can support a moderate but not excessive staff of labourers, herds, and other servants on constant wages. Managed in this way (that is, in accordance with the laws of nature), Ireland would be prosperous enough, and might in time accumulate wealth enough to start manufactures and develop other resources, which would in their turn enable her to support a larger population. But that at present her population is probably too great by half a million, if not a million, for any actual or probable disposition of the resources of the country, is not an opinion (in that case it might have some chance of being widely held in England), but a scientific fact, denied by no one, unless his political tendencies blind him to the patent proofs of it. The real fault of Irish landlordism was that, in a lazy, sleeveless way, it encouraged this bad state of things by continuing tenancies which the owner must have known perfectly well could not support a family at all under natural conditions. If the operations of the Crowbar Brigade, on which such absurd abuse has been lavished, had been carried out somewhat more thoroughly (though this was probably impracticable, owing to the mischievous conduct of the Roman Catholic clergy and the sentimentality of too many Englishmen), Ireland might now be, not as prosperous as Scotland is, but on the way towards as much prosperity as her poverty in mineral wealth and her distance from markets permit. A dead lift, such as Lord DERBY, in what is for him a rarely imaginative and constructive vein, proposes, might still do something of the same kind, though the mischievous legislation of the last year or so is in the way. But this would deprive the priests and the Irish agitators and the English revolutionists of one of their most convenient handles.

#### THE ITALIAN IRREDENTISTS.

THE Italian Ministry is reaping at every turn the rewards that attend the possession of a rare virtue. The fact that it is rare makes it unnecessary that those who are fortunate enough to have it should have it in very

large measure. It is exceptional, and of exceptional merit a little goes a long way. Ever since Signor DEPRETIS made up his mind to break with the Radicals, he has gone on from victory to victory. His opponents have shown themselves less and less able to make any stand against him, and each fresh defeat has made it plainer that any strength with which they may have been credited had its source in the fears of the Government. So soon as the Ministers plucked up courage enough to have a will of their own, the coalitions that had seemed so formidable melted away. It is not so much that they have been beaten, as that they have been shown to be only shadows. Whether the enemy be Irredentists or simply members of the Extreme Left, the result is pretty much the same. The latest manifestations of the former party have been called forth by the execution of OBERDANK at Trieste. When the Emperor of AUSTRIA visited the Trieste Exhibition in September, a plot to assassinate him was discovered, and OBERDANK was arrested as being concerned in it. He has now been tried, condemned, and executed, and it does not appear that the Italian Irredentists have attempted to contest the facts on which the condemnation was founded. From the Austrian point of view, as a correspondent of one of the Radical journals admits, his execution was natural. OBERDANK's title to the admiration of the Irredentist party is not that he was innocent, but that he was guilty. If he had not intended to kill the Emperor of AUSTRIA, he would have been a commonplace person whose death would have called for no notice. Indeed, if an Austrian subject in the Italian-speaking provinces of the Empire finds himself wrongly accused of treason, he will do well to consider whether he sets most value on his life or on the good opinion of the Irredentists on the other side of the frontier. If he prefers the latter, let him by no means attempt to clear himself from the charge. If he has not compassed the death of the EMPEROR, he ought to have compassed it; and, now that he has been lucky enough to get the credit of what he never meant to do, he ought to take his good fortune thankfully. His obscure name will be enshrined, by no merit of his own, in the hearts of his Italian brethren. In the Chamber of Deputies the Irredentists apparently number thirty-one votes—at least this was the number of signatures appended to an "interpellation" addressed to the Government to ascertain whether they had made any efforts to save OBERDANK's life. As the notice of this question did not seem to frighten Signor DEPRETIS, Signor BOVIO, the author of the interpellation, declared that he protested, "not against the Italian Government, but against the provocation of the foreigner." It is a wholesome sign in Italy when the Radicals take to leaving their own Government alone. That is a compliment which they would only pay to a Government they were in some awe of. If they agreed with it, they would be perpetually encouraging or advising it; if they differed from it without being afraid of it, they would be opposing it at every turn. That they wish to address their protests to the distant Austrians, instead of to their own countrymen in office, shows that they have some wholesome regard for their personal comfort and convenience. The crowds in the streets are apparently inclined to reduce their hostility to the same safe proportions. Their amusement for the day or two following upon the execution was to assemble before the Austrian Embassy in Rome, and before the Austrian Consulates in other large towns, and cry "Glory to OBERDANK!" "Viva Trieste!" "Down with Austria!" "Death to assassins!" This last phrase was certainly ill chosen for the occasion. If the term assassins is to be transferred from the men who try to kill a sovereign to the men who punish them, the Italian language will become confused. Hitherto assassin has been a word of praise with the Italian Radicals; it has denoted the man who strives to put a tyrant out of the way. If it is now to denote the ministers of the tyrant's law who basely slay the would-be hero, a good deal of Irredentist literature will have to be revised.

If the Italian Government has little to fear from the Irredentists, the Austrian Government has still less. In an Empire like that of the HAPSBURGS, such a movement as that which now finds feeble and petulant expression in street rows and Parliamentary protests might not be without danger. A serious and sustained determination on the part of the Italian-speaking provinces to be united to the Italian kingdom on the first opportunity would be a continual cause of irritation, and it is quite possible that by combining itself with some other

of the many discordant elements which are comprised in the Austrian dominions such a determination might assert itself at a time when it would be really difficult to deal with. Happily for Austria, the Irredentists seem bent on depriving the movement of every feature that can by possibility enlist reasonable sympathy. Nothing can be clearer than the duty of an Italian subject not to take part in such manifestations as those excited by the execution of OBERDANK, except it be the duty of an Italian Government to put down all such manifestations by a sharp exercise of authority. Nothing, again, can be clearer than that the murder of the Emperor of AUSTRIA last September, instead of aiding the annexation of Trieste to Italy, would have made it more hopeless than ever. It would have cemented the Austro-German alliance, and might possibly have suggested the transfer of the Italian-speaking provinces of Austria to the stronger member of the great German family. A party which shows itself ready to provoke consequences of this kind, from sheer inability to take in their seriousness, can never be dangerous to the Power against which its efforts are nominally directed. The most timid Austrian will not have his sleep disturbed by the news that a few hundred students or loungers have shrieked themselves hoarse in praise of OBERDANK. The only Power that can take any harm by such outbreaks is Italy. It is always possible that complicity with assassination on the part of a political party may be interpreted abroad as in some degree committing the Government under which this party is allowed to manifest its sympathies. It is this possibility which makes the present position of the Italian Cabinet a little difficult. The Italian tradition as to these things is a lenient one; and it is not easy for a Government all at once to make it plain that what has been tolerated in the past will not be tolerated in the future. That it is expedient for Signor DEPRETIS to make up his mind to this unpleasant necessity can scarcely be doubted. There are many things which a Government may despise when directed against itself which it cannot and ought not to despise when directed against a foreign and friendly Power. If the Irredentists had left the Austrian Embassy and the Austrian Consulate unmolested, they might have paraded about the streets until they were dispersed by the police, and no great harm have come of it. It is different when these insults are aimed at the representatives of Austria, and so come in some sort to bear an international character. It is the same with the language which the Irredentist press permits itself to use. When a Bolognese professor writes of the Austrian EMPEROR in an Italian newspaper that "in blood he was nurtured, in blood he grew up, and in blood we hope he will be suffocated—and may that blood be his own!" there can be no question as to the duty of the Italian Government. The paper in which these words appear ought to be prosecuted. Whether steps ought to be taken to deprive the writer of the letter of his professorial chair must depend upon the relation in which the University of Bologna stands to the State. If Signor CARDUCCI is in any sense a Government official, he is plainly a very bad kind of official, and any one who may be disposed to emulate his achievements cannot too soon learn that if he does so it will be at the cost of his place. The lesson that the Italian Irredentists have to learn is that the Austria of to-day is not the Austria of twenty years back, and that if the people of Trieste or Trent are disposed now to play the part that Venice played then, they must be left to do so unassisted. For many years to come Italy will have quite enough to do to bring the territory she has into order and prosperity. If her people cherish any wish to see that territory increased by the addition of the Italian-speaking provinces of Austria, they will do well to keep the knowledge of it to themselves. They have the power, no doubt, to provoke a conflict with Austria, but they must be singularly blind if they imagine that the issue would be to their advantage. That they do imagine this is not probable, but it is also of importance that they should realize that if they do not wish to provoke a conflict with Austria they must put some effectual check on the efforts of a noisy minority to provoke it against their will. The check need not be over severe, but it should be promptly and vigorously applied.

## BELT v. LAWES.

THE verdict of a jury can hardly be said to possess the regal validity of being a fountain of honour; and it is therefore impossible even for the most implicit acceptor of it to say that Mr. BELT is, in virtue of the verdict in BELT v. LAWES, a great sculptor or a great man. It may, however, be admitted that, if not a great man, he is a remarkable one, and that he has been the cause of many remarkable things. Without trenching at all on dangerous points, or points decided by the verdict which is to be called in question, some very instructive comment may be made on this trial. It has become evident in the course of it that the average Englishman declines altogether to accept the testimony of experts in a matter where, to conceivably intelligent people, it might appear that nothing but the testimony of experts can have the smallest value. It is further made clear that the average Englishman (for there is no reason to suspect the BELT jurymen of having been below the average) is also of opinion that artistic education is an entirely unimportant element in the acquisition of artistic skill. It has been seen (and Mr. BELT deserves admiration for the skill with which he has pursued two different routes to popularity) that a man may at once appeal to the democratic sentiment by appearing as a man of the people, and to another sentiment, which it would be incorrect to call aristocratic, by appearing as the favourite of rank and fashion. It has been seen how counsel may lecture judges; how judges may enliven the tedium of summing up by particulars as to their frequentations of their clubs, the secluded character of their homes, their private opinions as to the greatest living representatives of English literature and other such points; and how the jury-box and the Bench may bandy compliments in a manner charming to the student of polite relations between man and man. According to counsel, it has been seen also that a judge may be an undisguised partisan; but the responsibility of such a statement is so great that it must be left to rest wholly on the privileged shoulders of Mr. WEBSTER.

Into the mazes of the case itself it is neither necessary—nor, considering the announced intention of the unsuccessful side to carry it further, would it be proper—to enter very minutely. It is, indeed, one which can be judged with unusual impartiality, because, though the acknowledged conduct of Mr. LAWES and his friends can in no case be put in the same category with the conduct imputed by them to Mr. BELT, the means which they took for exposing his alleged delinquencies can hardly be too strongly condemned. It is true that seeing the anomalous condition of things in artistic England, and the still more anomalous state of public opinion on art which this trial has divulged, there is probably no tribunal before which the question of Mr. BELT's character and proceedings could have been carried. A large part at least of the public, as has been seen, thinks that the Royal Academy knows nothing about such subjects, and the Royal Academy (if it had been rash enough to ignore this public opinion) would probably have been subject to the terrors of the common law—terrors which, be it remembered, hang in this most eccentric of all countries even over such a privileged and recognized tribunal as a court-martial. But whatever may have been the right course for Mr. LAWES and his friends to pursue, the course they did pursue was clearly not the right one. With respect to the truth of their charges, as distinguished from the decency of the method they chose for making them, the great ox of a verdict for five thousand pounds rests on the commentator's tongue. It has seemed to some people (erroneously, no doubt) that in the JUDGE's summing-up the possibly tedious tradition of balancing the arguments and evidence for one side against the arguments and evidence for the other was not observed so strictly as, considering the ample time taken for the proceeding, might have been expected. Thus, for instance, it is quite true that, if Mr. BELT is what the defendant accused him of being, several persons besides himself have committed perjury; but it is equally true that, if he is not what the defendant says he is, several others have committed perjury, or something like it, among whom it is impossible not to include persons of acknowledged merit and character. On any hypothesis, the position which Mr. VERHEYDEN occupies is in the highest degree open to question; but on the supposition that he rendered merely

mechanical assistance, the difficulty (which may seem to some persons insuperable, and which is certainly not compensated by anything similar on the other side) remains of accounting for the relatively large sums paid to him by Mr. BELT. Yet, again, the contrast between the "testimony of opinion" and the "direct" testimony (as the judge contrasted them), given respectively by a cluster of Academicians of the highest authority and by Mr. BELT's witnesses, may be thought to have been hardly estimated correctly. The opposition, it might be said, is not between opinion and sight so much as between opinion and opinion of sight. To speak more clearly, the highest English authorities on the question have definitely asserted that the same man—whether Mr. BELT or any one else—is not, and cannot be, the author of all the works which Mr. BELT claims. On the other hand, certain obscure persons say that they saw him do some of those works—that is to say, that they thought they saw him do them. The conflict, therefore, is, after all, a conflict of opinion, though it is a conflict between the opinion of somewhat different classes and persons. Such, at least, may be thought to have been the defendant's case; and it is not obvious that the jury—or, for the matter of that, the Judge—fully understood the contention. Far be it from any commentator to commit the impiety of differing with a judge and jury, or the impertinence of adding his feeble agreement to their decision. But it is permissible to analyse the grounds on which that decision has apparently been arrived at.

It is, however, in general, not in particular, considerations that the instruction of this monstrous trial really consists. In its bearings on English legal procedure and English views of art it is, as has been imperfectly pointed out already, of the first importance. Mr. Baron HUDDLESTON (with a just pride which would have been more effective if his remarks had not rather resembled the statistics of bricks and tiles, lengths of pipe, and number of marble chimneypieces usually employed as advertisements of the merit of American hotels), enumerated the numbers of days spent, of exhibits produced, of witnesses examined, and so forth. That this enormous waste of public time and private money is little short of intolerable, the most fervent admirer of Mr. BELT and contemner of the President of the Royal Academy must allow. The extravagance (in every possible sense) of this case relatively, if not absolutely, exceeds that of any case on record. The simple fact that ten entire days (more than a twentieth of the legal year) have been taken up merely in counsels' speeches and judge's summing-up on such a matter is almost sufficient, stated by itself, in the way of comment on and exposure of that extravagance. But in relation to English art and English ideas of art, the lessons of the case are so striking and so many that half a dozen articles would scarcely in the Scotch sense "overtake" them. "The Limits of Legitimate Assistance in Sculpture" is itself a pretty heading for a discussion. "The Relations of Education and Artistic Skill" is another, and among the numerous side issues raised by the case the system of deciding competitions by committees and the ethics of committeemanship is an important third. But on the whole the view which evidently had most weight with the Judge, which the jury took with a courageous openness worthy of Englishmen, and which was evidently shared by the crowds whose cheers diversified the proceedings in Court, and by some at least of the critics who have commented on the case out of Court, is by far the most interesting subject of all. Not one single sculptor or artist of eminence could be found to support Mr. BELT. Sculptors and artists of the highest eminence came forward to give what was in effect direct and (unless disallowed) conclusive evidence against him. It was no question of cliques or schools. Mr. ALMA TADEMA is not generally classed as of the same school with Mr. HORSLEY; nor would men bracket Mr. CALDER MARSHALL and Mr. THORNYCROFT as young men jealous of Mr. BELT's success. Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, who is not merely the titular head of English art, but by common consent perhaps the most universally accomplished of English artists, gave the strongest evidence of all. Some ordinary persons who know that they themselves would not in the least know what was being done with a bust, however carefully they looked on, would naturally be impressed by such evidence as this almost to the extent of saying "Cause finita est." But in this case the Judge (who must know the law) and the jury (who are theoretically the perfection of common sense) did not

even rank this evidence as of great though not conclusive weight. They simply pooh-poohed it. The independence of English judges and English juries has long been the legitimate boast of Englishmen.

#### OUTDOOR RELIEF.

AS winter comes round the debate as to the relative merits of indoor and outdoor relief is regularly re-opened. As the years go on, however, a certain change may be noted in the form the controversy takes. Formerly, when outdoor relief was universally given, the consideration that most weighed with the Guardians was the apparent cheapness of helping the poor to support themselves at home instead of undertaking to support them in the workhouse. In a great many cases, probably, this view is still entertained; but it is gradually giving way under the irresistible evidence of statistics. It is difficult, no doubt, at first starting to convince a guardian that it costs less in the end to take a labourer into the workhouse than to allow him half-a-crown a week and leave him to do as much work as age and rheumatism will permit. Half-a-crown a week, he will say, will not more than half keep him in the House; whereas outside, with the help of a day's work now and then, it will keep him altogether. How can it be cheaper to provide the whole than to provide the half? No reasoning perhaps would suggest that there is an answer to this question; but as one Union after another tries the experiment and finds that the burden on the rates grows less as the proportion of outdoor to indoor relief decreases, the least enlightened guardian begins to think that there must be something in it. When his ideas have once been turned in the right direction, it dawns upon him that, though five shillings are twice as much as half-a-crown, they are not twice as much as many half-crowns. If all the paupers in receipt of outdoor relief came into the workhouse when outdoor relief was withdrawn, the reforming Guardians would soon have to reconsider their policy. The burden on the ratepayers would become unendurable, and some mode of enabling paupers to earn a part at least of their own living would have to be devised. As a matter of fact, however, nothing of the kind ever happens. When the change is made, not one in ten of the outdoor paupers is found willing to come into the workhouse. Mr. CROWDER, who is an East End Guardian of great experience, says that in 1875 there were 1,500 persons receiving outdoor relief, that two years later there were only 100, and yet that the suffering caused to the poor was inappreciable. He makes this statement with confidence because he was in the habit of visiting the seemingly hard cases some weeks after outdoor relief had been refused to them. These hard cases had not come into the workhouse, and they had not been put to any great straits at home. There had been a good deal of imposture, and a good deal of concealment which did not quite amount to imposture. Many of us must have known instances in which a poor man who hesitated about applying to the parish had been called proud by his well-to-do friends, and had it explained to him that, until he had got what was to be paid out of the rates, he must not look to them for help. Mr. CROWDER found many cases of this kind—cases in which "relatives and friends hitherto unknown to the authorities came forward" when it became clear that nothing was to be had from the Guardians except an offer of the workhouse. The receipt of outdoor relief carries with it none of the annoyances which belong to the workhouse. It involves no abridgment of liberty; it is quite consistent with an open-air life. No one seems ashamed to have it known that he is in receipt of it—at least if there is any disposition to conceal the fact it is usually from the fear that it may dry up some stream of private charity or divert it to some other object. The workhouse is altogether a different matter. It means a sacrifice of independence and privacy, which nothing but very real destitution will ordinarily bring the poor to make. Consequently the proportion of the poor in receipt of outdoor relief that will accept the offer of the House is always a very small one. The rest find for the most part that they can make a living somehow; and, as long as they can do this, they prefer keeping off the rates. Gradually, we say, this truth is coming home to the minds of the Guardians; and, though the progress in the direction of

indoor relief is slow, it is always sure. The Unions that have once adopted it never revert to the old system.

Although, however, the objectors to the substitution of indoor for outdoor relief have shifted their ground, they are very far from being silenced. If they no longer contend that outdoor relief is more economical than indoor relief, they insist with even more energy than before that it is more humane. The case on this side was stated the other day in the *St. James's Gazette* by a Mr. BARKER, who adds to his name the somewhat ominous description "Hon. Sec. Charitable Dinners Society." He contends, first, that outdoor relief is much less pauperizing in its effect on the poor; and next, that inasmuch as indoor relief forces a pauper to give up everything he possesses, it tends to keep him a pauper all his life, and so is, in the long run, decidedly more costly than outdoor relief. It is not very clear what Mr. BARKER understands by the term pauperizing. The only sense that we can attach to it is willingness to receive poor relief when such relief is not absolutely required. If this is the meaning, a system which partially maintains a great number of persons must be more pauperizing than one which entirely maintains a few. When Mr. CROWDER went to St. George's-in-the-East he found 1,500 people in the Relieving Officer's book. Two years later, as we have said, there were only 100. As we read the figures, there were 1,400 more pauperized people in the parish in 1875 than there were in 1877. Even if we take Mr. BARKER's view of the case, and assume that some few of these will become contented inmates of the workhouse, the pauperization will be very much less extensive than under the old system. If Mr. BARKER's wishes were consulted, it seems probable that the whole population of Kensington, the parish from which the letter is dated, would become outdoor paupers. Cases are frequently presenting themselves, he says, of persons who, either through accident or illness, are unable to earn enough to keep themselves and their families properly fed and clothed for the time being. The Charitable Dinners Society is able to supply them with food, but it can only do this temporarily, and it would be, he thinks, of the greatest benefit if it could obtain for such cases outdoor relief. But outdoor relief to persons already helped by a private hand converts the rates into a fund from which grants may be made in aid of Charitable Societies, and we do not see why a poor man who is so happy as to find himself in this position should be at any pains to emancipate himself from it. It is pauperism, but it is pauperism made easy. The man who is tempted to abandon the attempt to get an honest living for himself has no longer the workhouse before him; he simply accepts a small annuity paid weekly at the hands of the workhouse authorities. There is in this nothing so unpleasant as to make him in any hurry to regain the position he has left. If he is enabled by a combination of outdoor relief and private charity to keep himself and his family properly fed and clothed for the time being, why should he exert himself to get precisely the same advantages by his own exertion?

At the same time it is impossible to deny that cases of hardship may arise when outdoor relief is consistently denied. There are men and women to be met with whose detestation of the workhouse is too strong to allow of their going into it except under the strain of the most dire necessity—sometimes indeed not even then. If these people happen to come across those who have the will and the ability to help them, something is probably done for them; but if, as will sometimes happen, they are left to themselves, they occasionally die of voluntary starvation. No doubt when this happens the well-to-do public read it with a thrill of horror; but the blame should not be laid at the door of the Poor Law system. That system can only be preserved from abuse by the imposition of some sort of test, and no test that has yet been devised is so good as that of the workhouse. If this is relaxed in one case it must be relaxed in all. It would be useless to give notice that no outdoor relief should be given except to those who entertain an insurmountable objection to going into the workhouse. In presence of such a notice the class which entertained this objection would become co-extensive with the class which requires relief. No Relieving Officer could distinguish between those whose dislike of the workhouse goes the length of preferring starvation outside, and those whose dislike stops at the point at which they think that the Guardians will

allow themselves to be convinced, and will give the desired order for relief outside. The temptation to depend for support on the community is so strong, and the results of allowing large classes of persons to become thus dependent are so disastrous, that it is impossible to relax the workhouse test without grave risk. The hard cases that necessarily arise from time to time whenever a general law is strictly administered are the proper province of private charity. A destitute man who will not go into the workhouse, no matter what he may be suffering outside, may be a most worthy object of pity. But that pity should not take the form of giving him outdoor relief. If it does, it will be quite impossible not to extend it to many whose claim to it will be only assumed.

#### THE YEAR.

A YEAR has come to an end which has been marked by great and sad events, but which may fairly be called prosperous as compared with the years that immediately preceded it. Agriculture has begun to recover from its prolonged depression; the flow of trade has been steady; the peace of Europe has been preserved, and the Queen has escaped uninjured from the attack of a lunatic. A Ministry devoted to peace, conciliation, retrenchment, and liberty has triumphed in war, worked a stringent system of coercion not ineffectually, and has freely bled the payers of Income-tax. In the things that it did not mean to do it has succeeded; in the things that it meant to do it has for the most part failed. The brilliant promises of the Queen's Speech melted away like the dew of the dawn; but it cannot be said that the year has been wasted. On the contrary, the year has been in many things well spent. Twelve months are not a very long time in which to have made Mr. Gladstone appear as a supporter of Imperial interests, as the upholder of a continuous foreign policy, as the wielder of a sharp sword for sinners, and as a convert to the commonplace that it is the rain and the sun, and not the shifting of Cabinets, that make crops ripe or rot. The most complacent optimist cannot review the record of the year with perfect satisfaction. The arm of the assassin has not been shortened. He seldom pauses in Ireland, is ever ready to strike at St. Petersburg, and impartially threatens or injures an Imperial guest at Trieste, and the frequenters of a restaurant at Lyons. Still the good of the year may be held to overbalance the bad, and by Englishmen the year will be chiefly remembered as a year when a signal military success was achieved. When there has been a victory popular memory soon forgets everything else, and even before it has closed 1882 has come to be thought of principally, if not wholly, as the year of Tel-el-Kebir.

At the beginning of the year Cherif Pasha was at the head of the Egyptian Ministry, the session of the Notables had just begun, and the Khedive had not only exhorted the Notables to be very prudent and very moderate, but had expressed a confident assurance that they would be as moderate as they were independent. Neither the Khedive nor Cherif Pasha, nor the Notables, nor any one in or out of Egypt believed that they would be moderate or even independent. They were toys in the hands of Arabi and the Colonels; and before they and their real masters took any irrevocable step, the Governments of England and France determined to give them a very significant warning in the shape of the famous Joint Note, in which they declared that they were firmly resolved to uphold the authority of the Khedive and protect him against all attacks from within and without. This Note completely failed to produce the desired effect. The Sultan protested against threats which ignored his sovereignty, and the central Powers of Europe received with something more than jealousy what they conceived to be an announcement that England and France would arrange the affairs of Egypt without consulting the other Powers. But the Note really failed because M. Gambetta, who meant to act, was succeeded by M. de Freycinet, who did not; and because Lord Granville only meant to act through the Porte and with the sanction of Europe. The military party drew the deduction that there would be no intervention at all, and they were justified by the secret approval of the Sultan, who explained to Arabi that the Khedive was of no account in his eyes, and might be any day superseded by a good Mussulman who knew how to baffle the foreigner. The military party got rid of Cherif, had Arabi made Minister of War, defied the Control, plunged into military outlay, and showered promotions on themselves and their friends. Arabi then announced that his life was endangered by a plot of Circassian officers, who were seized, tortured, and sentenced by a court-martial to exile with degradation, the Court thinking proper to add that the plot had been the work of the Khedive's father. On this the Khedive struck. He declined to approve the finding of the court-martial, and commuted the sentence to one of simple exile. The Ministry replied by summoning the Notables on their own authority. The Notables refused to obey the summons; but their leaders, although now converted to the cause of the Khedive, could not supply him with a Ministry in face of their armed masters. England and France came to so much of an accord as consisted in sending men-of-war to Alexandria, independently of the Sultan and against his protest. They then proceeded to the strong step of demanding in a formal Note that the Ministry

should be dismissed and Arabi sent into exile abroad; and they announced that, if these conditions were not fulfilled, they themselves would exact their fulfilment. The Khedive accepted this ultimatum, and the Ministry resigned because he accepted it. There was a moment, but it was a very brief one, when it seemed as if the firmness of the Khedive might be successful. But the garrison of Alexandria threatened him by telegraph; Arabi threatened the civil and religious authorities with death if they supported the Khedive; and the Khedive, with no force to support him or protect his adherents, gave in, and endured the bitter humiliation of having to appoint Arabi once more his Minister of War.

Thus the threats of the Western Powers had failed, the rebels had conquered the Khedive, foreigners were menaced, and something worse than ordinary anarchy was impending. On Sunday, June 11th, a general massacre of Europeans was organized and executed at Alexandria. The English Consul was taken out of his carriage and beaten, the police joined the murderers, and it was only at a late hour that Egyptian soldiers were permitted to interfere and throw a thin cloak over the complicity or connivance of the authorities. The Khedive fled from Cairo, where an imitation of these outrages was anticipated, and took refuge under such shelter at Alexandria as the ships of the Western Powers, which were not allowed to fire, could give him. Dervish Pasha had a few days before arrived in Egypt as a special emissary from the Sultan, with instructions to support the Khedive if the rebels would give in, and to support the rebels if they would not give in. They would not give in; Dervish Pasha threw himself into their arms; and the Sultan decorated Arabi in testimony of his exemplary conduct. France had previously abandoned her opposition to a Turkish intervention, and a Conference assembled at Constantinople to urge the Sultan to put down the rebellion. The Sultan would neither take part in the Conference nor send troops to Egypt, where he stated that everything had been settled to his complete satisfaction. Then England announced that if no one else would act she would. She had sent her ships to Alexandria, and would not suffer those whom she had said she would control to throw up works in open menace of her ships. France on this parted company with her ally. The French Ministry had pledged itself to exact the fulfilment of the conditions which France had laid down, but the French Ministry was powerless to make good its word. France plainly told its nominal leaders that it would have nothing to do with intervention in any shape, and M. de Freycinet, upon proposing a small vote of credit for a very limited purpose, was turned out of office. After giving due notice, and providing, as far as possible, for the safety of European residents, Admiral Seymour, on July 11th, commenced the bombardment of the forts of Alexandria. The Egyptians, although their fire was not well directed, showed courage and tenacity; but the skill, the energy, and the crushing force of the English ships soon told, and, with a singularly small loss of English life, the forts were silenced. Under cover of a flag of truce, Arabi's army was withdrawn the next day from Alexandria, and, in leaving, set fire to the European quarter. Every available man was landed from the English ships; the progress of the fire was arrested; something like order was restored; and the Khedive, whose life had been in great danger, found safety in his Alexandrian palace. But there was no force at hand to pursue the retreating army, and Arabi was left in security to entrench himself leisurely at Kafr Dowar.

The first detachment of British troops under Sir Archibald Alison arrived within a week of the bombardment, and at last England showed she was really in earnest. The Reserves were called out, a Vote of Credit taken, and the Indian Contingent ordered to leave for Egypt. The Duke of Connaught arrived with the Guards on August 10th, and Sir Garnet Wolseley himself reached Alexandria on the 15th. In the interval great efforts had been made to supply the town with water, the supply of which had been seriously threatened by the damming of the Mahmoudieh Canal, the Waterworks Hill had been seized to secure Ramleh and command Arabi's position, and a reconnaissance in force had shown that this position was extremely strong, and held by a large body of troops. Suez had been occupied by Admiral Hewett on August 2, and immediately before Sir Garnet Wolseley proceeded to the destined scene of action Port Said and Ismailia were occupied. A slight skirmish at Nefishe, near Ismailia, and a more serious engagement at Chalouf, near Suez, were the only military incidents that attended the occupation of the Canal, from which M. de Lesseps seemed inclined to warn off the English as from a peculiar and sacred kind of personal property, and which he had really saved from harm by persuading Arabi that the English would make no use of it if he forbade their interference. The arrival of the Indian troops enabled Sir Garnet Wolseley to begin serious operations. He followed the course of the Freshwater Canal, and advanced as far as Mahuta. There the advanced guard was attacked by a strong Egyptian force, but Sir Garnet Wolseley decided on holding his position. This he did successfully, and next day the enemy fell back to Mahtameh, where they were attacked and driven back; and on reaching Kassassin Lock, Sir Garnet Wolseley determined to stay his advance until his transport service had been organized and his full strength had been brought up by the arrival of Sir Archibald Alison and General Hamley with their troops from Alexandria. Almost immediately, however, after the seizure of the position of the Kassassin Lock the enemy attacked the English advanced guard under General Graham. The main Egyptian attack was made at nightfall, but when reinforcements arrived, the English took the offensive, and the night

charge of the Household Cavalry was one of the most brilliant exploits of the war. The Egyptian campaign is also memorable for another brilliant exploit, though of a widely different nature, achieved by Professor Palmer, who, disguised as a Syrian, rode alone and in the greatest heats of summer across the Sinai desert, and not only persuaded the fanatic tribes to abandon the cause of Arabi, but also engaged forty thousand men to guard the Canal if necessary, or to join the British forces if called upon. On a second visit, accompanied by Captain Gill, R.E., and Lieutenant Charrington, R.N., the party most unfortunately fell into the hands of a band sent out by the Governor of El Arish, an Egyptian desert fortress, in search of Palmer, whom, apparently, he believed to be a Syrian. All three were murdered; their bodies were found five months later among the rocks near the Ayūn Masa in the Peninsula of Sinai. After the defeat of August 28, the Egyptians remained behind their entrenchments at Tel-el-Kebir, and there Sir Garnet Wolseley, having had the patience to defy idle criticism and wait until he was ready, attacked them on the morning of Wednesday, September 13. This was a bright and memorable day in the military history of England. A night march, boldly planned and most skilfully executed, brought the English troops to the enemy's position at daybreak; without firing a shot, the men rushed to the entrenchments, carried them at the point of the bayonet, and in half an hour all was over. Arabi fled to Cairo, his army broke up, a forced march of the Indian contingent saved Zagazig, and, by a still more brilliant improvement of victory, General Drury Lowe hurried his cavalry to Cairo, saved the capital from the fate of Alexandria, received the submission of the garrison of the citadel, and captured Arabi. As soon as the news of Tel-el-Kebir reached Kafr Dowar, the Egyptian force there surrendered to Sir Evelyn Wood, and this was followed after a short delay by the submission of the garrison of Aboukir and Damietta. The Khedive returned to Cairo, and the war was at an end.

The leading natives prostrated themselves at the feet of the Khedive with the swift versatility of Oriental loyalty, and Sheriff the inevitable once more made up a Ministry with Riaz to help him. A brilliant review at Cairo showed the strength of the English force to the Khedive and his new friends, and then the larger portion of the army came home, leaving twelve thousand men to occupy Egypt under the command of Sir Archibald Alison. On its arrival, the force that returned home received a most enthusiastic welcome. The thanks of Parliament were given to the army and navy; the Queen herself reviewed her soldiers, and Sir Beauchamp Seymour and Sir Garnet Wolseley received the merited honour of a peerage. Europe viewed with cordial or reluctant admiration, according to national prepossessions, the signal triumph of the English arms, and German military critics, of all critics the most critical, were good enough to own that they themselves could not have managed things better. At Constantinople two months had been spent in futile wrangling and imbecile stratagem. The Powers asked the Sultan to send troops to Egypt, and he refused. England acted for herself, and the Sultan wished, or half wished, to join her. Lord Granville was not only willing but desirous that the Turks should co-operate, but he necessarily insisted that the co-operation should be subject to fixed conditions. Arabi must be proclaimed a rebel, the amount of troops must be limited, their point of debarkation fixed, and their subordination to the English commander established. The Sultan never could make up his mind whether to accept these conditions or not. He half accepted, then withdrew, and could determine on nothing but petty acts of spite against the English, such as stopping the mules and labourers they were procuring from his dominions, until the victory of Tel-el-Kebir and the submission of the whole Egyptian army enabled Lord Dufferin at last to say that it was useless to talk any more of the despatch of a Turkish force. The truth is that the Sultan was so deeply committed to Arabi before the intervention began that he did not dare, and perhaps did not wish, to throw him over afterwards. As, by a stroke of extreme good fortune, England had successively invited, and had been successively refused, the co-operation of France, of Italy, and Turkey, she was free to prepare, almost as she pleased, a practicable scheme for the settlement of Egypt. But the difficulties of the task were enormous. To give the Khedive a new army was the most pressing need, and the Khedive induced Baker Pasha to flit away from the Sultan and come to give him the benefit of his counsels. Some sort of an army, more or less native, Baker Pasha managed to propose. The officers were to be largely English; but the men were to be, for the most part, Egyptians. Unfortunately the triumphs of the False Prophet of the Soudan made an army necessary at once; and then it appeared that the natives would not go as soldiers where they were ordered, except by compulsion. The English Government was not embarrassed by the meeting of Parliament, for it wisely declined to give premature information, and its plan for time and freedom of action was readily accepted; but it felt the inherent difficulties of the task before it, and summoned Lord Dufferin to take the supreme management of affairs at Cairo. Many obstacles had to be encountered. France had to be conciliated; and, as it was indisputable that the Joint Control must be abolished, something had to be devised to satisfy the claims of a nation which was wounded by the thought of how little was due to it. A more serious obstacle was the trial of Arabi, who was handed over to the native tribunals, as there was reason for thinking he had been guilty of much more than rebellion, and who yet, as he had been captured, not by the Khedive, but by the English, was thought to be

deserving of a fair trial. Lord Granville insisted that he should be defended, as he wished, by English counsel, and this led to great but unavoidable delays. Finally all charges were abandoned except that of rebellion against the Khedive, and as the chief act of Arabi's rebellion in the eyes of the Khedive had been his neglect to resist the English to the utmost, the English Government interposed to save this strange rebel from death, and took him and his chief companions over to keep them in a kind of mild imprisonment in Ceylon. This dictation to the Khedive and his Court was a rendering of the famous phrase "Egypt for the Egyptians" which Riaz could not accept, and he quitted the Cabinet of the Khedive. But a much stronger example of interference was to come. It was discovered that the English officers of the Egyptian army ought not to serve under a commander like Baker Pasha, who had left the Queen's service, and no less a person than Sir Evelyn Wood was sent out to take the command of what may now be named the Queen's Egyptian force. But even now no permanent character is it, seems, to be given to the English occupation. Our army is merely to stay there until the fellahs have conceived the meaning and learnt the arts of representative government.

The state of Ireland has improved within the year. This is not saying much, for at the beginning of the year and all through the spring and summer things were very bad in Ireland. But still it is something that now the law is more feared and better obeyed than it was. The working of the Land Act was strongly criticized by the landlords at the beginning of the year and by the tenants at the end. The Arrears Act is found to be even more puzzling and inoperative than the Land Act, and adds a new item to the long list of Irish disappointments; but the criminal law has been much strengthened, and evildoers are partially cowed by its terrors. There are, too, some indications of a better feeling having sprung up. Those who were the prime persuaders to crime have become frightened at the monstrous enormity of the crimes that followed their teaching or were perpetrated by those who strove to outstrip them. The reign of terror has reached the poorest and the most wretched, and the records of the most hideous barbarism can scarcely parallel the massacre of the Joyces in August. Not that the hand of the assassin spared those whom education, the possession of land, and an honest desire to do their duty mark out as the enemies of the people. An attempt to murder Mr. Forster by an explosive packet happily failed; but the murders of Mr. Smythe, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Walter Bourke, and Mr. Blake were revolting even for agitated Ireland. The climax of horrors seemed reached when on May 6th Mr. Burke and Lord Frederick Cavendish were murdered in the Phoenix Park; but it was more the character and high public position of the victims that gave a peculiar stamp to the crime than its exceptional wickedness. Assassination is equally detestable whether it strikes down a promising politician, a high-minded official, or a lonely cottier on the hillside. The murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish had, however, the effect of stirring the Government to propose and pass a stringent measure for the repression of crime. It had also the good effect of frightening the leaders of Irish agitation, and bringing home to them that side by side with them there was working the secret force of political murder and the party of armed revolution. It was revealed that this party was working in England as well as in Ireland. An attempt, which was perhaps not wholly serious, was made to blow up the Mansion House; a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood was convicted of treason-felony at Bradford; and a collection of arms for use in Ireland was discovered at Clerkenwell, and their collector adequately punished. In Parliament there was nothing but Ireland; more Ireland and still more Ireland from one end of a dreary Session to the other. The debate on the Address was protracted by an interminable discussion on Home Rule and on the desirableness of giving up coercion and trusting to the innate attachment of the Irish to law and the Constitution. The Lords proposed to hold an inquiry into the working of the Land Act, and Mr. Gladstone replied by a Resolution that inquiry was needless, which Resolution was duly voted, after a debate which conclusively showed that the Act was full of the most glaring imperfections. Davitt, a convict who had not served his time, was elected for Meath, and his election had to be quashed. Mr. Gladstone took the House and the world by surprise, and suddenly treated Home Rule as a kind of pleasing riddle, and intimated his readiness to consider with patient favour any good answer that any one could give. Soon after Easter a new policy was adopted. Mr. Parnell and the other Parliamentary suspects were to be released, on the understanding that they were to work with, not against, the Government in the attempt to pacify Ireland. The No Rent edict was to be withdrawn, and crime was to be controlled or lessened through the intervention of the ringleaders in criminal agitation. Lord Cowper left the Viceroyalty and Mr. Forster the Cabinet rather than be parties to this understanding, and were succeeded by Lord Spencer and, after the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, Mr. Trevelyan. The success of the new Lord-Lieutenant and the new Chief Secretary has been greater than that of their predecessors, partly, perhaps, because they were better suited to their posts, and partly because they had the luck to begin when the tide of violence was turning. Parliament for weeks before it rose in August was engaged in passing a stringent measure of repression and a sister measure of conciliation. As the Irish clamoured for the Arrears Act and got it, it may be hoped they were conciliated; but in itself it was a most curious measure, as it was designed to make

presents out of the Irish Church Fund and the national revenue to a peculiar and unique class of people—tenants who were perfectly honest, had not paid their debts, had exactly a year's rent in their pockets, and had not a farthing more in the world. After Parliament rose some alarm was created by the temporary defection of the Dublin police, for which the Government was not wholly blameless, but which was soon ended by the good temper and firmness of Lord Spencer. The utility of the new Criminal Act was illustrated by the readiness with which Dublin juries discharged their duty when criminals were brought before them who previously would have been tried in the districts where the criminals and their friends were powerful enough to coerce juries and frighten witnesses, and the independence of Dublin juries was vindicated by the committal to prison of no less a person than Mr. Gray, the High Sheriff, for an unfair comment on their proceedings. Later on there broke out an open struggle between law and anarchy at Dublin. Juries there had the courage to convict some of the worst murderers of Limerick and Galway, but the strongest efforts were made to paralyse law by intimidating its agents. Judge Lawson was threatened by an assassin, who was on the point of firing when arrested; a juror was left for dead by a band who drove off in safety, and a bold attempt was made to shoot down a detachment of police who were watching suspected criminals. The Curfew clauses of the Coercion Act were put in force in Dublin, and the police has been strongly reinforced by marines. It is too much to say that the power of the Irish secret societies has as yet been broken, but at least it is now seriously menaced. Unfortunately, a new cause for anxiety has shown itself in the failure of the harvest, and the possibility of distress in the poorer parts of the country; and it is seen more clearly than ever that nothing but aiding the most miserable part of the Irish to get away from holdings where they starve can do them any good.

The Government began the Session with a determination to make the passing of its Rules of Procedure come before everything. It, however, allowed a long debate on the Irish Land Act to be interposed, and by Easter it had only succeeded, with the very strongest pressure, in getting rejected the Amendment of Mr. Marriott to the First Resolution, that no majority should determine the closing of a debate. It parted company with Mr. Forster rather than allow the discussion of the most urgent of all subjects—the repression of crime in Ireland—to stand in the way of the discussion of Procedure; but the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke awoke the Government to the sense that the state of Ireland was a much more pressing matter than any change of Procedure; the rest of the Session was devoted to Ireland, and the House was called together in October for the special purpose of passing the New Rules. This it did, and now that a controversy which was at one time bitter, but which had many good results, is over, it is easy to sum up the results of the labours of the House of Commons. A debate in a full House may be terminated after the Speaker has satisfied himself that the subject of discussion has been adequately debated, and that it is the evident wish of the House at large that the debate should be closed. This last condition was imported into the Rule by the Speaker, and so long as he and Speakers like him preside, the Rule can do little harm or good. Some changes in the progress of business were made—the most important of which is that any member may, if he can find forty supporters, start any subject he fancies for discussion after questions are finished. The penalties on obstruction were increased, but the offences of constructive and collective obstruction, created by an ill-considered decision of the Chairman of Committees, have been swept away. Lastly, the experiment of large Standing Committees is to be tried for a Session; but they are to be little more than big Select Committees, and their utility is to be tested by measures being referred to them of too special a character either to prove or disprove that they will lighten the usual business of the House. Mr. Bradlaugh also occupied much time at the beginning of the Session which the Government wanted for Procedure. At the opening of the Session he was a new member, having resigned his seat for Northampton and been re-elected. He went up, like other new members, to take the oath; and the Government contended, but in an indirect and half-hearted way, that he was entitled to take it, being a new member into whose private opinions no inquiry could be made. The House decided that in the case of this new member to take the oath was to profane it, and refused to allow him to take his seat. He then watched his occasion, and, walking into the House, pulled a New Testament out of his pocket, and swore himself. For this he was expelled; but was again re-elected, and again was forbidden to take the oath; and this time retired from the House, and sought refuge, with very little success, in different courts of law. Ineffectual attempts were made in the House of Lords both to intensify and to abolish the Parliamentary oath; but things right themselves in a curious way in the English Parliament, and Mr. Bradlaugh has sunk from being a doubtful popular hero into being an acknowledged bore. The Session, apart from Ireland, was nearly, but not quite, barren. The Budget revealed two important facts—that the national expenditure increases with equal steadiness whichever party may be in office, and that the national revenue is falling off through a diminution of the national propensity to drink; and two salutary and important measures—the Settled Estates Bill and the Married Women's Property Bill—became law through their good fortune in escaping the notice of the House of Commons. The close of the year finds the Government apparently stronger than at any time since it entered office. It has lost not only Mr. Forster, but Mr. Bright, who was happy so long as guns

were merely sent to make a noise, but found that the actual discharge of shot was inconsistent with the position of an Apostle of Peace. But in Ireland it has gained by substituting Lord Spencer for Lord Cowper, and it is glorified by the halo of military success. The long and futile negotiations with France ended in a manner which was probably more acceptable to England than any other could have been. She regained her freedom, but as France placed her on the footing of the most favoured nationality a comparatively small injury was done to her trade with France. Throughout the year Mr. Gladstone's robust health has permitted him to do everything and to be everything, and his ascendancy still ensures the ascendancy of his colleagues and his party. He has now secured such strength to his Cabinet as the introduction of Lord Derby, balanced by that of Sir Charles Dilke, can give it, and has handed over the Chancellorship of the Exchequer to Mr. Childers, who unfortunately, like Sir Stafford Northcote, has recently found the strain of public life too heavy, and has resigned, after very successfully discharging them, the arduous duties of the War Office to Lord Hartington.

The attack on the Queen in March caused intense indignation and some alarm, but it was so clearly the act of a lunatic that it stood altogether apart from the horrible attacks of revolutionary assassins. Subsequently the Queen had the satisfaction of seeing her youngest son happily married to Princess Helena of Waldeck Pyrmont; and later in the year she showed her anxiety to fulfil her public duties and evoked the loyalty of all classes by presiding on the two very interesting occasions of the review of the victorious troops on their return from Egypt and the opening of the new Law Courts. Peerages were bestowed on Sir Beauchamp Seymour and Sir Garnet Wolseley in connexion with the first of these events, and Lord Selborne was advanced to an earldom, and five legal persons were knighted, in honour of the second. The vexed question of the Channel Tunnel was at least temporarily settled by the report of a competent Commission, in which almost every high military and naval authority pointed out the dangers to the national safety in a project pretending to be one of mere commercial utility. In the spring the English public allowed itself the amusement of an outburst of idiotic wailing over the departure of a big elephant, and it was only partially consoled in the summer by the advent of Cetewayo, who was sent here because he said he should like to come, because it was thought Londoners would like to stare at him, and because it was supposed that a short stay in the suburbs of London would make him a better man if it was ever considered possible or prudent to restore him to power. The School Board Election occupied the attention of London, and in a less degree of the country, in November; but such feeble excitement as it caused was quickly appeased when it was found that the electors merely wished things to go on much as they had been going on previously. The weather in England has not been good, for the summer was wet and there have been some remarkable storms, but it has not been bad enough to spoil the harvest. As the Transit of Venus occurred in December it was only partly visible in our climate, but observations were possible at enough of the remoter stations to promise good astronomical results. A comet has appeared, unexpected and wonderful, but showing itself only at hours which to most persons render it practically non-existent; while the happy rescue of the explorers of the *Eira* expedition has lessened the number of the martyrs of science. London has been disturbed by organized highway robberies, by armed burglars, and by some very destructive and extensive fires, while in remoter districts there have been lamentable riots at Wrexham and in Cornwall, and the cottiers of Skye have made a little Ireland of their own, and have resisted not without success the power of the law. Nor have trials been wanting with exceptional interest to delight or shock the public. The long-delayed discovery and punishment of the disturber of Lord Crawford's remains was highly satisfactory; the guilt of Lamson was established, and showed how dangerous a resource modern murderers have in scientific poisons, but his punishment was delayed during a period of painful suspense, in consequence of the American Government making a passionate appeal to permit the forwarding of totally irrelevant evidence. The Furneaux frauds disclosed a depth of human crudity which astonished even a generation that has not quite forgotten the Claimant; and the year has closed, as also has Westminster Hall as regards its ancient character, with a gigantic trial during which a Court has been turned into a noisy art gallery, the bargains and schemings of unknown but eminent artists have been freely discussed, and the real author of all the artistic merit of the Griffin has been revealed to the admiration of mankind.

The history of India and the Colonies has this year been simple and tranquil. The Budget of Major Baring finally removed all import duties except those on alcohol, opium, and salt. An elaborate scheme for the development of local institutions has been prepared under the guidance of Lord Ripon, which, in deference to the criticism of experienced officials, is to be largely modified to suit the wants and aptitudes of different localities. A collision between the Hindoo and Mahomedan population of Salem, in which the former were the aggressors, called forth the vigorous interference of the Government; and some heralds of the Salvation Army provoked by their fantastic ardour the gentle restraint of the civil authorities. In South Africa the compromise with the Basutos has brought about something like tranquillity. Natal has refused self-government, the Boers have set about consolidating their nationality by electing a President and negotiating a loan, and the Zulu chiefs are discovering whether they hate each other

enough to wish for Cetewayo. In Canada the Marquess of Lorne and the Princess Louise have been exploring the remote province of British Columbia, and the Governor-General has been studying the vast possibilities of Manitoba and the Red River. In the United States, Guiteau was at last found guilty and hanged, almost exactly a year after President Garfield had been assassinated in broad daylight. Neither at home nor abroad has President Arthur, whom Guiteau's crime placed in office, given cause of offence. The rampant spread-eagleism of Mr. Blaine has faded away, and the negotiations for the release of Americans imprisoned in Ireland were conducted without visible acerbity or arrogance, although a popular cry for a moment demanded the recall from London of Mr. Lowell, who was shrewdly suspected of the offence of behaving in England like an English gentleman. The President vetoed the Bill for preventing Chinese immigration in the shape in which it was originally presented to him, and when ultimately passed the Bill had lost much of its vigour. The vague sympathy for Ireland, usually tepid, and a little warmer at election time, which prevails in the United States, was chilled, if not frozen, by the revolting murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke; and in two large and prolonged strikes the workmen ultimately succumbed to the tenacity and resolution of their employers. In the autumn election the tide of fortune rolled strongly in favour of the Democratic party, and for the remainder of his time President Arthur will have to deal with a large hostile majority in Congress. The change of political feeling was partly due to general sentiment of indignation at the intrusion of members of Government in the elections and at the corruption and tyranny of party management, and the President has bestirred himself actively to bring some fraudulent officials to justice, and gave in his Message hints of reforms in the Civil Service which may mean little, but which showed that he felt at least bound to earn the credit of good intentions.

The year has not been a happy one for the French Republic. It began with the sudden fall of M. Gambetta, who was nominally overthrown on the question of the *scrutin de liste*, but who really was overthrown because his great personal ascendancy was feared, his foreign policy was distrusted, and the little band of idolizers whom he placed in office was despised. M. de Freycinet succeeded him, because M. de Freycinet was considered safe; and safe he was, to a point which nearly effaced France in Europe; and yet even this was not enough for the nation and the Chamber, which insisted on France being altogether effaced and M. de Freycinet retiring. He was succeeded by M. Duclerc, who took office with reluctance and on the distinct understanding that no one else would take it. He seems determined to follow with resolution the broad policy of having no policy at all, and strives to fall in with the humour of his countrymen by countenancing a feverish activity in such remote places as the valley of the Congo, Madagascar, and Tonquin. Elements of disorder showed themselves in a revolutionary strike at Montceau-les-Mines and in bomb-throwing at Lyons. The financial situation of France inspires anxiety, if not alarm, chiefly through a profuse and premature outlay on unremunerative public works; and the abysses of French finance-mongering, in which the credit of some of the first names of France has been engulfed, have been revealed by the trial of the late Director of the Union Générale. The best that can be said for France is that the President still represents the solid sense of the country, and that there has been some relaxation in the ardour of the persecution of religion, although the influx of a new Republican element into the Senate secured the final abolition of the most rudimentary religious teaching in the national schools, while the completion of the new Hôtel de Ville showed that Paris has at last repaired some of the ravages of the Commune. There is also little to gratify the well-wishers of Italy in recent Italian history. The death of Garibaldi and the commemoration of the Sicilian Vespers recalled in different ways to the minds or fancies of the people the earlier and the later story of national independence. A satisfactory Budget facilitated the conversion of the currency, the completion of the St. Gothard Tunnel gave a new stimulus to the commerce of Italy with Germany, and a new electoral law giving the suffrage to all who can read, coupled with *scrutin de liste*, gave birth to a Chamber closely resembling its predecessor. But the attempt on the life of the Emperor of Austria at Trieste revealed the folly and wickedness of the Irredentists; the differences between the Quirinal and the Vatican prevented the Emperor of Austria from being invited to Rome; and the foreign policy of Italy, which consisted in hanging on the tail of Germany, carping at France, and vilifying England, lowered the dignity and compromised the interests of the country. In Spain the Ministry of Señor Sagasta has got on fairly well. It has defeated a threatened combination between Marshal Serrano, who reappeared on the scene as an ardent Liberal, and the Conservatives; it has succeeded in converting the public debt; it concluded a commercial treaty with France, suppressed a small protectionist revolution in Barcelona, and indulged in the safe pleasure of haughtily refusing to make a commercial treaty with England. Towards the end of the year the extraordinary negligence or culpable complicity of two English officials gave Spain an advantage which it seized with more eagerness and technical justification than courtesy or fair dealing. General Maceo, a Cuban refugee, with one or two other political fugitives, arrived, with the ladies of their families, at Gibraltar. They had scarcely landed when they were all seized by two persons in the employ of the English Government, driven from their place of refuge, and handed over

to the Spanish authorities. Such a thing has never before been done, and, it may be trusted, will never again be done, by Englishmen. The guilty officials were of course dismissed from the Queen's service; but Spain retains for the present the refugees whom she captured with undeniable astuteness.

Prince Bismarck pursues the even tenor of his way. The year opened with a Rescript from the Emperor, as King of Prussia, explaining to his subjects that the Sovereign is everything, and that his Ministers only do and propose what he orders. To criticize or oppose Prince Bismarck is therefore to criticize or oppose the King. The autumn elections considerably increased the Conservative element in the Prussian Chamber, and the Falk Laws were further modified by giving the Crown power to recognize refractory bishops, and a Prussian Minister was appointed to the Vatican. But by no artifices and no menaces can Prince Bismarck get his way with the Imperial Parliament. It has rejected by overwhelming majorities his favourite scheme for creating a tobacco monopoly, and his daring proposal for imposing temporary quiescence on Parliamentary activity by getting the Budget voted for two years at a time. He has also had to confess that his fierce campaign against the Socialists has only had a very partial success, and that the enemies of German society have perhaps diminished in audacity, but not in numbers or resolution. In foreign affairs he occupied the first part of the year in holding out a helping hand to M. de Freycinet, snubbing Italy, and explaining to Russia that the vapourings of General Skobelev must be stopped, as the Teuton was quite ready to encounter the Slav. In the latter part of the year he distinguished himself by a steady support of England in Egyptian matters, and throughout the year he has shown himself determined to preserve the peace of Europe, and has preserved it. Strong in the protection of Prince Bismarck, Austria has put down a formidable insurrection in Bosnia and Herzegovina, has made Russia forego its Panslavist intrigues, has forced the King of Roumania to recant challenge he rashly gave Austria when speaking of the control of the Danubian navigation, and has allowed Servia to make its Prince a King on condition of the King accepting the position of the ally or subordinate of Austria. German influence, again, powerfully contributed to the new settlement of the Turkish debt and to the settlement of a quarrel with Greece as to some of the border towns in the ceded districts. The best of influences, however, appear utterly unable to stop Turkey in its downward career. It was with the greatest difficulty that England obtained the punishment of the murderers of Captain Selby, who was killed in Albania. The childishness, the duplicity, and the petty spite of Turkish diplomacy were overlooked by Lord Dufferin merely because almost everything must be pardoned in a country which, unless most delicately handled, would cease to exist. In constant terror of his life, and only feeling really himself when he can play off one personage of his surroundings against another, the Sultan has taken one Minister after another, has scented the faintest traces of plots, and has cashiered his favourites only to reinstate them. Unfortunately he is not the only sovereign who lives in a state of constant alarm. The sickly gloom of perpetual apprehension still hangs over St. Petersburg even more darkly than over Constantinople. The Czar has been through the greater part of the year a prisoner at Gatchina, but for a brief moment he broke his bonds and visited Moscow, not to be crowned, for the discovery of what was being prepared for, even in the Cathedral itself, made that seem too dangerous, but to visit an exhibition. Prince Gortchakoff finally retired from the control of foreign affairs, and General Ignatiess was replaced by Count Tolstoi, partly because the former was supposed to be compromised by the extravagant utterances of General Skobelev against Germany, with which General Ignatiess was understood to sympathize, partly because he had too openly countenanced the persecution of the Jews, and partly or principally because he had not succeeded in protecting the Czar against the Nihilists. There was a great trial of Nihilists in February, and one offender, who had been an officer actually in the service of the Crown, was shot. But the Nihilists do not seem to have lost heart, and the danger of the Czar is apparently little, if at all, diminished. The persecution of the Jews in Russia has somewhat diminished, although the Jewish quarters in two towns were wrecked in the spring, and there was for a time a sad flow of fugitives into Austria, where unhappily there has also been an outburst of persecution to record, a Hungarian mob having imitated, if not rivalled, the mobs of Russia in its savagery towards the Jews.

The death-roll of the year is unusually long, and many of those who have passed away have been of unusual eminence. One of the greatest names, and at all events the most widely known, is that of Darwin, who closed in peace an honoured old age, busy in the incessant accumulation of the details which his genius combined and irradiated. Science has also had to deplore the death, through a lamentable accident, of Professor Balfour, whose career, even at the early age when he was taken away, had been one not so much of high promise as of high achievement; while Sir C. Thompson has been taken away from the bright band of English scientific explorers. In Sir Thomas Watson the medical profession has lost an accomplished teacher who for fifty years may be said to have stood at the head of medical education in this country. Art has lost for ever the glowing landscapes of the veteran Linnell; the highly wrought imagination of Rossetti; and the quick and brilliant perception of Cecil Lawson. In literature the year has taken from the readers of romance their

own delightful Trollope; and Barsetshire, long so real to them, has faded into a recognized land of dreams. America has seen the grave close over two of the few of her sons who have attained as much eminence here as on the other side of the Atlantic. Englishmen have long been familiar with the philosophy of Emerson, piquant and original in form, and not without originality in substance; while a monument in Westminster Abbey will testify English admiration of the pure and graceful muse of Longfellow. The special romance writer of the young, Harrison Ainsworth, who has found in successive stages of English history the materials for affecting two generations with thrills of pleasant horror, and Auerbach, the apt exponent of tender German sentiment and gentle German passion, will never again charm those who have hitherto been fascinated by them. Scotland has lost the genial humour of Dr. John Brown, and political economy misses the varied knowledge of Jevons and the philosophic insight of Cliffe Leslie. We have already spoken of that deplorable incident of the Egyptian campaign which in Professor Palmer has deprived Oriental scholarship of one of its brightest ornaments. From the short list of European commanders known in every country there have been effaced the names of the Robin Hood of the nineteenth century—the noble, adventurous, foolish Garibaldi; Skobelev, the darling of the Russian army; and Kaufman, the astute and iron-handed tamer of the tribes of Central Asia. Louis Blanc has come to the end of his high purposes and useless endeavours; while from English political life there have disappeared Lord Harrowby, rich in calm wisdom and blameless honour; Bernal Osborne, the wittiest of Parliamentary men—so witty that he could be no more than a wit; and Sir George Grey, the perfect type of a laborious, single-minded, experienced official. Lord Tenterden was cut off just as the Foreign Office was beginning to enjoy the full fruits of his sound judgment and ripe experience; and the hand of the assassin arrested, by the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, the expansion of a spirit gentle, noble, and self-sacrificing, and by that of Mr. Burke-robbled Ireland of the services of one of the few Irishmen who work for their country with unobtrusive loyalty, compassion, and wisdom. South Kensington has had to mourn the departure of its buoyant and indefatigable creator, Sir Henry Cole; the Bench has lost the strength, the acumen, and conscientiousness of Sir John Holker; and Oxford has seen finally fade from its sight the figures, once so familiar and revered, of the Provost of Oriel and Mr. Bernard. Last, but not least, come the losses of the Church. Dean Close and Bishop Ollivant, of Llandaff, were in different ways leaders of a party which in their earlier days was immeasurably more powerful than it is in our time. In Dr. Wellesley, the Dean of Windsor, the Queen has lost a valued friend and trusted adviser. Dr. Pusey had long risen from the conspicuous position of the leader of a party to the higher elevation of a spiritual guide and of a bright example of piety and learning; and by the death of the Archbishop of Canterbury the Church is deprived of a head and guide who, whatever were the limitations of his gifts, was always large-minded, had the tact and prudence of a statesman, and equally in precept and in practice showed that his heart was full of the divine message of peace on earth and goodwill towards men.

#### FOX-HUNTING ON WHEELS.

THE shelves of those particularly comfortless rooms which country gentlemen call their studies are so crammed with books on hunting that it would be natural to suppose the subject to have been treated from every possible point of view; but in the numberless treatises on the chase through which it has been our lot to wade, we do not remember meeting with any information about hunting on wheels. Yet a large number of people, especially in what are termed "provincial counties," derive a great deal of amusement from driving after the hounds. To say nothing of ladies and children, there are many old men, as well as young men in bad health, who thoroughly enjoy hunting in carriages. Indeed, if the truth were known, a considerable proportion of those who profess to be enthusiastic riders would be much happier on the seat of a carriage than on the saddle of a hunter, when the whipper-in halloos a fox away from a gorse cover surrounded on all sides by a stiff country. In numberless hunting manuals there are descriptions of the right sort of hunter; but we are inclined to think that the right sort of carriage, and the right sort of carriage-horse for hunting purposes, are quite as important matters to many people. It is possible to see a great deal of the fun in any kind of conveyance, from a drag with four horses to a costermonger's cart drawn by a donkey; but, in our opinion, the best sort of "machine" for hunting in is a two-wheeled dogcart, of fair height, and with patent mail-boxes to the wheels, which will prevent them from coming off if their axles break. Unless one is perched high enough to be able to look over fences, one cannot see much hunting, and a high carriage with two horses is an awkward thing to turn in narrow lanes. The hunting carriage-horse should be very quiet and always ready to stand still while his driver is looking about him. When one pulls up in order to take a good look at a run, one's carriage should be as motionless as a grand stand. Indeed the pleasures of hunting on wheels are greatly increased if one can be, on occasion, sufficiently stationary to use race-glasses. The horse should be able to trot at a great pace without breaking into a canter or pulling. If the driver

has to give all his attention to his horse, he can see very little of the sport. All discomforts and dangers should be left to the riders.

In country places there are few, if any, better opportunities of seeing one's neighbours than meets of the hounds. On such occasions, drivers have an advantage over riders, from a social point of view; for they can take their time, and converse with their friends, while the riders are in a fidget lest the hounds should throw off, and find before they have mounted their horses. The rider appears at the meet with a blus nose and icy hands; but the driver arrives warm and snug with his ulster and foot-warmer. Even the riders who have driven to the meet are stiff and cold from the cramp engendered by sitting still in leathers and top-boots—articles of clothing that are very comfortable to ride in, but eminently unsuited for any other purpose. At the meet the drivers can make themselves pleasant to all their acquaintances; but men who are going to ride are preoccupied with the arrangements for the disposal of their hacks or dogcarts, their greatcoats, their spurs, their girths, and their second horses.

When the hounds move off for the cover, there is often a regular procession of carriages. There is a family man driving a waggonette crammed with children. Then comes a high break, drawn by London carriage-horses, containing a party of ladies and a curate. After this follows a tiny pony-cart, containing two pretty girls and a Skye terrier, and after them comes a dog-cart driven by a hard-riding man with a broken leg. Next we have a superannuated fox-hunter in a mail phaeton, who finds fault with all he sees, and sees a great deal; and then follows a pretty park phaeton, drawn by a pair of high-stepping bays, which are driven by a lady. Beside her sits her husband, one of the hardest men in the hunt, who has been reduced to wheels by an attack of gout. While the riders are all anxiety for a find and a start, the drivers have time to look about them at their leisure. They can amuse themselves by criticizing their friends' horses, seats, and garments. If they are sportsmen, they will notice whether the huntsman draws his covers fairly, and whether the hounds go honestly into the thickest and thorniest parts of the underwood. Those who have had anything to do with the management of hounds are well aware that the behaviour of huntsmen, whips, hounds, and masters during the drawing of covers is of the utmost importance, and that their blunders are often apparent enough to those on wheels. The screech that proclaims the fox to be gone away may make a man accustomed to hard riding feel a helpless prisoner on the seat of a carriage; but if he can master this sensation, he may have some reasons for self-congratulation. To begin with, if his seat were on the back of a hunter, his imprisonment might be too short a one. Then let him look at the crowd of horsemen crushing and jostling together at a small gateway, through which only one can pass at a time. Do they look happy? They are all begging each other's pardons, imploring those in front to go on, and muttering words that they were certainly not taught by their mammas. A hard-riding man, losing patience, takes his horse out of the crowd, and going fifty yards away from the barely jumpable fence, sends his horse at it with all the energy he can command. He gets over safely, but his horse over-jumps himself, and blunders heavily on landing. The rider thinks nothing of it, and in less than a minute he is looking for a place in the next fence; but it gave lookers-on a cold shudder, for they saw clearly enough that it was a very near thing, and that if the horse and man had come down at the pace and force they were going, they would have had an exceedingly ugly fall.

After all this fuss and confusion, it is likely enough that the hounds have changed on to another fox, and are rattling back through the cover in the opposite direction. Then, perhaps, a weird "whoo whoop" announces that the hounds have chopped their fox in cover. An accident of this kind, deeply mortifying as it is to the riders, is the best thing that can happen for the occupants of the carriages. Even the man with gout in the phaeton may now philosophize on the vanities of hunting. In the short space of five minutes, a fox that would probably have afforded a good run has gone away—with no hounds to amuse him—over an excellent line of country; another fox has been chopped in cover; and the man who made the desperate leap is standing ruefully beside his horse, which, it appears, over-reached himself badly in his effort, thereby necessitating an immediate return to his stable. In the midst of these reflections on the hollowness of this world and all that is in it—including fox-hunting—an unearthly yell calls attention to the fact that yet a third fox has gone away. Whether he went out of the cover, whether he got out of a hedge-row, or whether he dropped down from the clouds, there is no time to inquire. We shall now, from our seat in our dog-cart, see plenty of incidents to amuse us for a few minutes. A score of men have dismounted from their horses, and their hurried scramble back into their saddles is more ludicrous than graceful. At each of the only three practicable places in the nearest fence there is a cluster of riders who are diminishing one by one as their turns come for negotiating the obstacle. A large cavalcade is galloping after a fat man with flying coat-tails on a Roman-nosed grey, who is making for a gateway far to the left; and a shirker, who has ridden at a deceptive gap under a tree on the right, has evidently met with more than he expected. "He is on! No, he is off! He hangs by the mane," and finally he rolls one way and his horse another. But already the hounds are far ahead, and when we

stand in our dog-cart we can see the bobbing heads of the second-flight men, as they jump their fences three or four fields off. We feel half tempted to stay where we are and watch a young farmer's colt refusing a ditch and bank. The agility and cunning with which the animal throws forward its forelegs and whips round at the very last moment each time he is put at the fence, and the evident wrath of his rider, afford a study of human and horse nature that might amuse us for the next ten minutes; but we had better drive on and try to see something more of the hounds.

It is not often that drivers see very much of a run, but it now and then happens that a fox runs parallel to a road for two or three miles. On such occasions, the occupants of carriages have a grand field day. Even hard-riding men, who happen then to be on wheels, are obliged to confess that they see more than they would if they were on horseback. Under such circumstances people are often surprised to find that carriage horses trotting along the road are able to keep pace with hounds and horses that are galloping; but the reasons for this are sufficiently obvious. Even in what is considered a very straight run, a fox zigzags a good deal. Here he turns to the right to avoid a farm or a hamlet; there he turns to the left in order to give a wide berth to some labourers working in a field, and further on a sheep dog frightens him out of his course. Then, again, however straight men may ride, they have often to bear a little to one side or other of the line of the hounds in order to avoid some impracticable part of a fence.

The very fact of drivers seldom seeing a run makes them enjoy it all the more when they get the opportunity. But even when they cannot see the run itself, they may see much that is amusing. The guilty faces of a party of thrown-out horsemen often afford an interesting study to the physiognomist. Their serious and ashamed expression is highly ludicrous to their friends on wheels. They look as if they had just heard that their banks had broken, and they seem conscious of having committed the seven deadly sins. It would be hard to say whether they are most annoyed at having lost the hounds or at being exposed to the observation of a critic under such distressing circumstances. The situation is the most entertaining when two or three men in red-coats, on well-bred hunters, are caught in the act of begging for information as to the whereabouts of the hounds from a small charity-school child, who has seen more of the run from a wooden stile than they have from the backs of their three-hundred-guinea horses. It is cruel to take pleasure in the misfortunes of others, but we have known people in carriages to derive considerable amusement from watching an exceedingly well-dressed sportsman being fished out of the depths of a boggy and slimy brook, the treacherous sides of which "yielded to his embrace" whenever he tried to haul himself on to them. Even on the way home there are incidents to amuse the driver. He may see grooms driving their masters' dog-carts home, and comfortably wrapped up in the fur-lined coats of their employers; he may meet a young gentleman and a young lady who have simultaneously lost the hounds and appear in no great hurry to find them again; and he may come across an excited horseman who was too late for the meet, and has been galloping all over the country in vain attempts to find the hounds.

It would be endless to attempt to describe a hundredth part of the queer scenes that may be witnessed by those lookers-on who watch the game of fox-hunting from wheels; but many men who are by some cause or other prevented from hunting may object that to watch others riding to hounds is, at best, but a tantalizing sort of amusement. We can only reply that in the country there are few things that offer better fun for those who cannot themselves ride. Ex-hard-riders may at any rate comfort themselves by reflecting how much better they rode to hounds in their own day than do those whom they now watch from their comfortable dog-carts. The man who drives with hounds has also the satisfaction of feeling that, although from ill-health or other causes he may never again ride in a run, he has still some personal interest in hunting; and, as fox-hunting forms the chief topic of conversation in the country during the winter months, it is as well to know a little about it, and to have something to do with it, even if it be in rather an indirect manner. Unfortunately, it is possible for drivers to deal with it even too directly; for they sometimes head the fox or drive over a hound, and they have been known, whilst amusing themselves by watching the perilous adventures of the riders, to upset their own vehicles. Fox-hunters on wheels also have their uses in the field, for many a disabled rider has been taken to his home in the carriage of a charitable "driver to bounds." Indeed, in dangerous countries the lady-drivers might do worse than form themselves into an ambulance department, which might serve the double purpose of saving life and bringing about marriages.

#### A GREEK HYGIEIA.

IN the rich valley of the Caicus, which flows through a beautiful district of Mysia and enters the Aegean nearly opposite the island of Lesbos, lay the city of Pergamum, famous for its line of kings, for its *attalicae conditiones* which Horace used as the type of wealth and luxury, for its frowning acropolis with its altar to Zeus sculptured with the combats of the gods and giants, and, above all, for its health-giving springs, where invalid Greeks and jaded Romans would resort to invoke the succour of

the God of Healing. Here was the temple of Asklepios, or, as the Romans called him, *Aesculapius*, whose site Humann has recently identified; built, as a Greek *Hygieia* always was, a little removed from the bustle of the city, on some neighbouring terrace or hill, "where springs were plentiful and life-giving breezes blew." The *Aegean Sea* was not far away, and the Caicus, Selenus, and Ceteus flowed through or past the city; and, besides sea and river bathing, the patients of this ancient sanatorium found cold and lukewarm wells and medicinal springs fit to cure any complaint and restore health to the sick and diseased. Hard by and connected with the temple by a covered way was the Stadium, where gymnastic contests took place in honour of the God of Medicine, and theatrical entertainments gave "tone" to the spirits of the convalescents. Pergamum, with its breezes and springs and gaieties, was the Brighton and Tonbridge Wells combined of Greeks and Romans. The ancients out of health used to go there as one goes to the Pantiles or the East Cliff. "You might see them," says Aristides in the time of Aurelius, "as on summer mornings they swarmed like bees around the sacred well of *Aesculapius*, seeking to catch the vapour, which, without other draught, was able to quench their thirst. And the water of that well was of no common efficacy. Cold in summer and mild in winter, sweet, and in taste not less delightful than wine, it had virtue to heal all physical infirmity; it could open the eyes of the blind, and make the lame man leap as a hart. Great, therefore, was their faith in the holy spring; and did it not flow from the very foundations of the temple, from the feet of the Saviour-God himself?"

This Saviour-God, however, *εαστηρ τῶν θλῶν*, does not belong to the early ages of Greek mythology. In Homer *Aesculapius* is but the skilled physician, *δημήτων ιητρός*—in Pindar he is the hero powerful to heal. At this time he was perhaps nothing more than the local deity of a Thessalian tribe, worshipped with mysterious serpent-rites. It is true that in Pindar the God of Healing has already reached the dignity of divine origin; he is given as the son of Apollo and the nymph Coronis. Alcamenes and Scopas used their chisels in his honour, and Sophocles sang a paean in his praise. Chremylus, in the *Plutus* of Aristophanes, recommends putting the blind God of Wealth "on a couch in the temple of Asklepios," as a better chance of curing him than consulting a doctor. Yet it is to later times that the worship of *Aesculapius* really belongs. "It is then that he first begins to exert a wider influence and to exercise more powerful sway. As we advance into the Hellenistic and Roman periods, it is easy to perceive that a vast change has come over the spirit of his divinity. Everywhere in Asia his effigy begins to appear upon the currency, and men have begun to invoke him, not only as a healer of bodily disease and pain, but as a present help in every trouble, a rescuer from every kind of ill. The slave is emancipated in his temples; the sailor in peril implores his aid, and to him the soldier ransomed from the foe dedicates a thank-offering; men hail him saviour and king; and at last the devotee, exalting him high above all gods, exclaims, 'Asklepios, thou my master, whom I so often have invoked in prayer by night and day, great is thy power and manifold, for thou art he who dost guide and govern the universe, Preserver of the world and Bulwark of the immortal Gods!'"

We quote this from an interesting and learned monograph on "Asklepios and the Coins of Pergamon," which Mr. Warwick Wroth, of the British Museum, has reprinted from the *Numismatic Chronicle*, to which he originally contributed it. We have often had occasion to indicate the importance of the study of coins in numerous branches of history and mythology; and Mr. Wroth's survey of the coinage of Pergamum is a good illustration of what we have said. *Aesculapius* is to most of us nothing else than a mythical doctor; we know little more of him than the novelist does who finds his name a useful synonym for apothecary; if we think of him as a divinity at all, it is only as a demigod or satellite of the Olympians, whose worship could never have been extensive or influential. But when we read Mr. Wroth's account of the wide extent and power of his cult, and study the long series of portraits of the *Deus Pergameus* on the coins of his chief city, after Epidaurus, we begin to understand that the God of Healing, the first apotheosized "medicine-man," was a salient figure in later Greek and Roman religion, in spite of the neglect of archeologists and mythographers. How late his ascendancy was is shown on the coins of his own Pergamum. In the time before the foundation of the Attalid kingdom there is not a single certain representation of *Aesculapius* on the coinage, though Mr. Wroth is inclined to place some *electrum hestæ* in this early period. During the rule of the Pergamene dynasty of Attalids (B.C. 283-133) only a few copper types of the god are found; but these are interesting. They represent him seated upon a stool and holding a patera, from which a serpent feeds, and, as such representations of divinities on coins are generally copied from some famous statue, it is probable that this effigy of *Aesculapius* represents the statue by Phrymochrus, which we know once stood in the temple at Pergamum, but of which we have no description. If the coins show us the true form of this statue, it seems probable that the Pergamene *Aesculapius* was copied from an earlier work of the Phidian school, such as the famous chryselephantine statue by Thrasyedes at Epidaurus (whence, indeed, the *Aesculapius* cult of Pergamum was avowedly derived), of which there is a well-known representation on a silver coin of that city of the fourth century B.C. However this may be, the earliest type of *Aesculapius* on the coins was a sitting god, and not the upright figure which becomes universal on the issues of the Republican and Imperial age; where we see him standing, sometimes on a pedestal, clad

in a *himation* which reaches to his feet and leaves his right arm and chest bare; his well-known snake-encircled staff in his hand. This is the type of the god which became so popular throughout the Greek and Roman world. We may see in the colossal Melian statue at the British Museum "this noble ideal of the God of Healing, which tempered the celestial majesty of Zeus with the benevolence of some kindly physician of earth." The coins inadequately represent it, though it is of frequent occurrence on the money of the Empire, especially that of Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, Commodus, and Caracalla.

Tiberius gave the right of asylum to the Pergamene temple, while refusing it to many other sanctuaries; but the first certain Imperial coin of Pergamum with the figure of *Aesculapius* is one of Domitian (A.D. 81-96). Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius were both zealous promoters of the public worship of the gods, and the former adorned Epidaurus, the chief seat of *Aesculapius* worship in Hellas proper. It is, therefore, not surprising to see the God of Healing frequently on their coinage; and in the case of Caracalla the appearance of *Aesculapius* is still more natural. "With the accession of Caracalla the coins of Pergamon assume well-marked and interesting character. They at once strike the attention by their great size, which gives them the appearance of medallions. These large coins constitute the chief bulk of the Pergamene currency which bears the effigy of Caracalla. The types, moreover, are distinctly personal in subject, the Emperor himself figuring in nearly all of them. Thus we behold him in military attire, standing between two ensigns, or seated on his horse crowned by Victory, while before him are a trophy and captives. The Blessed Gods appear but rarely on his coins, with the notable exception of Asklepios. Nor is this appearance of the God of Healing to be wondered at. Suffering both in mind and body, tormented by the frightful spectres of his father and murdered brother, the Emperor had recourse to strange rites and invocations of the dead, and turned at last to the great God of Healing for his aid. In the year 214 he visited Pergamon, eager to seek the temple of Asklepios, and prepared to undergo the half-medical, half-ceremonial treatment to which a patient was there submitted. The visit, indeed, proved of no avail, and but three years later Caracalla met his end by assassination. This royal visit, however, has left ineffaceable traces on the coinage of this period; nor was Caracalla ill disposed towards the city of the great god. . . . Henceforth we constantly find the Emperor in company with Asklepios, and generally engaged in sacrifice." On the reverse of one specimen Caracalla is shown in military dress, with his right hand raised to salute a serpent twined round a tree, its head towards the Emperor. This serpent is *Aesculapius* himself, though it is rare to find him thus represented. The serpent is, however, a universal accompaniment of *Aesculapius*, and formed an essential part of his worship. Serpents were kept in his temples, and were considered to be incarnations of the god. The people of Sicily traced the source of their *Aesculapius* worship to a woman who brought a serpent from Epidaurus; and in the same shape was the god brought to Rome. "On a famous medallion of Antoninus Pius we see the serpent—that is Asklepios—about to plunge from the vessel which has conveyed him into the waves of Father Tiber, who welcomes him with outstretched hand, and upon whose island the first Roman temple of the new divinity was afterwards erected." What the serpent meant in connexion with *Aesculapius*, apart from its use in divination, it is not difficult to surmise, if the theory set forth in Mr. C. F. Keary's fascinating studies in Aryan mythology, miscalled *Outlines of Primitive Belief*, be correct. Mr. Keary holds that the serpent is the symbol of a river; and the connexion of a river or spring with the worship at an *Aesculapius* Hygieia is obvious. "The fetish river is nearly always a life-giving power; it is the predecessor of the *fontaine de jouvence*; it is the *Urdar* fountain from which were watered the roots of the world-tree *Yggdrasil*. The serpent is, on the contrary, often a destructive and evil power, as was that 'subtle beast' of Genesis, and *Jörmungandr* himself, with all the dragons his descendants; as was the Python, or those antagonists of Heracles, the serpent Ladon and the Lernean hydra. But even these destructive serpents are found in close association with the tree of life. The serpent of Genesis entwines it; Ladon guards the apples of the Hesperides; *Niðhogg*, another Eddaic snake, is twined round the roots of *Yggdrasil*."

This symbol of renewed life—the serpent twined round the staff—is the most usual companion of *Aesculapius*. But he has others. There is the queer little god Telephorus, with his pointed hood, scarcely reaching to the top of the serpent-staff, who first appears in the time of Hadrian; there is the rat, a symbol of divination—does not *Aelian* say *μαρτυρώμενος ζωῶν οἱ μῦτες*; centaurs, for *Aesculapius* was the pupil of Chiron, the learned centaur; and torches. "There," says Aristides the Rhetor, speaking of Pergamum, "there are kindly torches raised on high to all men by the God, who invites them to himself; yea, and he lifts up very light." "And doubtless," adds Mr. Wroth, "to many in those days, when no hospital as yet threw open its doors to the poor in sickness, that light which shone in the temple of the great Pergamene divinity must have truly seemed a 'light of healing'—*sedentibus in regione umbris mortis Lux orta est eis.*"

Sometimes Hygieia, the daughter, or as some say wife, of *Aesculapius* appears on the coins, feeding the serpent out of a bowl; and, sad to say, there is a curious coin of Bizya in Thrace whereon we see a male and a female figure reclining at a banquet, and drinking wine, whilst the God of Medicine and

Hygieia are represented as calmly looking on! When Dr. Richardson made Hygieia once more a goddess, he probably forgot to look up her antecedents; if he had seen this coin, or the bas-reliefs which point the same vinous moral, we should never have heard again the name of the great mother of total abstinence, early hours, and no tobacco. It is one of the drawbacks to all accurate knowledge, even to numismatics, that it destroys fond illusions.

#### HIGHLAND DEPOPULATION.

THERE can be no doubt in the mind of any skilled student of the works and ways of men that there is a singular fascination in the subject of the depopulation of the Highlands. There is such a fascination in it that men who have written eloquent denunciations on the persons supposed to have been engaged therein are currently reported to have (afterwards) expressed a wish to examine the evidence for the facts—an incident nearly unique in the history of similar controversies. The subject can be handled in so many different ways and by so many different men that its attraction is easily explicable. There is the simple Radical—who is probably the simplest of men now living—and who starts from the grandly intelligible principle formulated not long ago by an Irish orator, that "all landlords are devils." There is the Parliamentary agitator, like Mr. Macfarlane and Mr. O'Donnell. There is the merely sentimental person who has, as almost every one must do, fallen in love with the Highlands and their traditions, and who sighs over the substitution of the domesticities of a shooting lodge for the genuine "chief's tail." There is the military reformer who bewails, and with reason, the loss of an admirable recruiting ground. There is the person possessed of some decency who is naturally writh at such things as the famous mitraileuse deer-drive (was it history or legend?) of a season or two ago, and at the actual and historical attempt of the foreign lessees of a Highland moor to expel, against the wishes of the landlord, a considerable number of occupying crofters. Lastly, there is the herd of writers to the newspapers who seize eagerly on any subject about which they know little or nothing, and which gives an opportunity for claptrap—two conditions which allow a wide range of choice. All these classes have long seen in the exiled "Tuncan an' Tougal an' Donald" a figure worthy of steel or goosequill. But since Mr. Gladstone's great concession to Irish agitation the subject, as everybody who reads the newspapers knows, has got "warmer." The Skye affair, instead of being put an end to at once, has been allowed to drag and grow into something, if not exactly formidable, yet far from unimportant. All sorts of firebrands, Irish, American, and English, have gone down to try and light up a Scottish land question. The chief promoter of the actual Highland claims in the House of Commons is Mr. Macfarlane, who, with a very presentably Scotch name, happens, of course by the merest accident in the world, to be the Home Rule member for an Irish county. Mr. Macfarlane, having imprudently ventured from his privileged place in Parliament to the columns of the *Times*, was dealt with in a sufficiently conclusive manner by the Duke of Argyll a couple of months ago. After that interval Professor Blackie, late but lively, supervenes on the field of battle. Professor Blackie is not exactly nobody, if he be not a very great somebody. He knows the Highlands in his own curious onesided way, just as he knows Greek and Germany and other things. His exertions in getting together the endowment for the first Scotch Celtic Chair also give him a right to a hearing; so that it may be worth while first to see what he has to say, and then to put the matter briefly and in something like a reasonable light for the average English reader. For Heaven only knows when Mr. Gladstone's needs or his fancies may make the Scotch land question actual.

Professor Blackie is not one of the ingenious people who, after praising the Duke of Argyll to the skies so long as he dutifully followed Mr. Gladstone, have discovered that he is "dominated by worn-out phrases" (such as, for instance, that two and two make four), and that he has a less "faculty of seeing things as they are" (that is, as they appear to Mr. Gladstone) than (*nous le donnons en dix*) Lord Carlingford. Professor Blackie simply says that the Duke is a landlord, which is perfectly true, and as such looks at things from a landlord's point of view. There is nothing unreasonable in this. Let us go on to take the Professor's (it is impossible to adopt the full Scotch style, and call him the Emeritus Professor's) own point. Professor Blackie expresses sympathy with the Duke of Argyll's wish to see farms of all sizes in the Highlands, from the largest down to the smallest which is capable of supporting a man and his family. But he takes the teat with a qualification—the addition, namely, of crofters—that is to say, tenants who hold something short of the Duke's minimum, and who, like the smaller Irish cottiers, make up the deficiency by labour for hire, only, unlike those cottiers, by labour carried on chiefly in the neighbourhood. Now there is nothing very unreasonable in this either. But, unfortunately, reason is slightly, and experience very strongly, against Mr. Blackie. On the one hand, the peasant proprietor, or small holder, though he may doubtless supplement his gains from the land by home manufactures which can be pursued at odd times, cannot, as a rule, spare his labour from his own land at the times most valuable to the agriculturist without doing that land injustice. On the other, the demand for

agricultural labour is notoriously fluctuating, and is influenced by many causes the operation of which may throw a whole population suddenly out of work. This, however, is to some extent a debatable and at worst a minor point. We are disposed to think that the smallest quantity of land which one holding (as distinct from mere allotments) should comprise is the quantity necessary with fair thrift, and taking bad years with good, to support a family fairly. But no one will deny that such a country as the Highlands can find room for not a few crofters, and probably under the "depopulating" system it can most safely find room for them, because this system gives steady employment to a very considerable amount of labour. But the gist of Professor Blackie's letter by no means lies in his moderate plea for what may be called parcel-labourers. He goes off in his second paragraph into the old denunciation of the extirpators. It is remarkable that the Professor, being an honest man and knowing the facts, does not, as the correspondents of Radical papers usually do, deny that the Highlands were over-populated in the last century, or put the whole blame on the back of deer-forests. He knows, no doubt, that it was originally not deer, but sheep, that drove out the Highlander, and that the introduction of sheep-farming on the great scale was a vast addition to the national wealth and the national food supply. But with the curious ill-luck which seems to pursue declaimers on this subject, he goes off into denunciations of "land laws made by the strong to make the strong stronger" (we should intensely like—we should like it nearly as much as a sight of the famous "law of primogeniture"—to see the statutes which Professor Blackie means), and of "pampered strangers," and of "the unsocial lust of foreign Nimrods among the Scottish Bens" *et patata et patata*. In short, except some useful and creditable admissions, we get little more out of Professor Blackie than we might get out of Mr. Macfarlane or Mr. Joyce. He knows the facts, which it may be charitably hoped they do not. But phrases (in this case to the effect that two and two do not make four) prevent him from attending to them.

Now let us look at the matter, not as Professor Blackie says the Duke of Argyll does, from the landlord's point of view, nor as Professor Blackie himself obviously does, from the bold-peasantry-Gaelic-song-and-unsocial-lust point of view, but simply from the point of view of the plain man who knows something of the Highlands, something of their history, and something also of general economic and political history and laws. It is certain and granted that the Highlands were over-populated about a century ago. It may be added that, from the very scanty and dubious records of their earlier history, it is doubtful whether they were not always over-populated, and whether for the most part the people did not always suffer, though their sufferings were tempered by the clan habit of living on a kind of co-operative system, with the Lowlands involuntarily furnishing no small part of the capital of the association. No one who condescends to look below the "brown heath and shaggy wood," and ask himself the simple question what other vegetable products besides brown heath and shaggy wood the soil is suited to bear, can doubt this or be surprised at it. A mere railway journey along the various Highland lines ought to be enough to convince any one on the point, though he may very advantageously supplement his rapid survey by more accurate acquaintance. A day on the muir of Rannoch, a walk from the head waters of the Findhorn to the falls of Foyers, a pilgrimage round the skirts of Mam Soul—any one almost of a hundred other excursions which might be suggested, with, as a necessary complement, a minute inspection of Skye, will give the explorer something like an idea of the chances of a bold peasantry oncroft holdings. Historically it is known what the bold peasantry came to, especially when the simple life in common (where, if, at the best, no man lacked the equal feast, none had more than the smallest share of the comforts and decencies of life) ceased. The treacherous supports of the kelp trade and of potato cultivation failed, as they were certain to fail. For glens full of starving wretches, certain to grow more miserable every year, the "depopulation" system substituted plantations and sheep-farms, which add enormously to the wealth and food supply of the country, moors and deer forests, which attract a great annual expenditure and give sufficient suitable and congenial employment to very many persons, if not to as many as their districts can fairly hold. The mere beauty of the country has been, if anything, increased by the process, and the importance to the nation at large of these solitudes as resting-places from the intolerable crush and press of cities can hardly be exaggerated. Scotland, as a whole, has not lost, but gained immensely, in population; she has simply distributed that population according to the natural course of events, instead of, as has been done in Ireland, in the teeth of that course. When one drops clap-trap about unsocial lusts and pampered strangers, the simple question is not *Cui bono?* but *Cui damno?* Has the Highlander been injured by giving him a good place as gillie or shepherd, or by sending him to prosper in New Zealand and Canada, instead of allowing him to attain the enviable condition of a Connaught peasant? The sentimental tourist goes, let us say, to Glenstrathfarar, and is horrified to find that he may walk a summer's day without seeing a soul. If a wishing-cap could carry him off promptly to the country of the Joyces and the Kerrigans, would he think the undoubtedly abundance of human life there such an agreeable change? If he would, there is nothing to be said. The multiplication of human pigstyes, with the pigs half-fed, being taken as the aim and object of social arrangements, argument becomes silent. Or it may be said that, supposing the

whole of the Duke of Sutherland's English property to be confiscated and applied to such experiments as the Duke has himself been carrying on for years about Loch Shin, with the result of proving that the soil is unimprovable by the small holder, a considerable number of ready-improved small holdings might be made for the persons lucky enough to get them. That also is a hypothetical condition of things not worth discussing. The truth is that the present condition of the Highlands is simply the result of a natural course of events, given the country and the present state of civilization. No doubt some hardships have occurred; no doubt eviction and expatriation have sometimes been carried on with unnecessary rigour. The process—a process melancholy if any one pleases, but inevitable save at the cost of far greater ills—which the English peasant has carried out voluntarily, and which the Irish peasant has resisted to his own loss and misery, may sometimes have been rudely forced on the Highlander. No doubt, also, rich sportsmen are sometimes neither gentlemen nor, in fact, sportsmen, and abuse their opportunities. All this, and more, may be granted and deplored. But that any sane human being, looking on the "depopulation" system of Scotland and the "preservation" system of Ireland, can call the former inhuman, unjust, or impolitic, is simply a new proof of the extraordinary power of Cant.

#### A MASTER OF DICTION.

IT is not very long since we had occasion to speak of M. Legouvé's most charming and most instructive little book, *L'art de la Lecture*. Out of materials, to some extent contained in this and in the companion work, *La Lecture en action*, M. Legouvé has now composed a work which merits every possible attention, and which is called *La Lecture en famille* (Paris: Hetzel). In the first chapter of this work he makes a stand for the importance of the art of reading aloud, and compares the state of French education unfavourably with that of American education on this point. A footnote may set some English readers thinking whether it is not high time that we should take some thought as to this matter. "Depuis que ce chapitre est écrit les choses ont beaucoup changé. L'étude de la lecture à haute voix est entrée dans tous les programmes d'instruction publique; mais j'ai tenu à conserver ce point de départ, pour qu'on pût mesurer les progrès accomplis en cinq ans." It was only a few years before the chapter was written that M. Legouvé resolved to take up the cudgels for the neglected art of reading, and do his very best to get it made a part of the national education. Filled with this notion, he went, in the spring of 1868, to call on his friend M. Saint-Marc Girardin, and to communicate the project to him. Saint-Marc Girardin listened attentively, and then proceeded to inform M. Legouvé that reading was not an art; it was a gift, a charm, a characteristic, anything you like but an art. There were certain obvious rules to be observed—to be neither too fast nor too slow, too loud nor too soft, and to understand, and make your hearers understand, what you read. But, as for art, the art of reading was contained in four words—"Read as you speak." M. Legouvé's reply to this proposition—which represented, and, it is to be feared, still represents, the opinion of a great many clever and educated men who have not paid enough attention to the subject—was very much to the purpose; and there can be little doubt that, if his scheme of going fully into the matter with Girardin had come off, Girardin would have been persuaded of the absolute truth of what M. Legouvé advanced. It was some years later that, at the request of M. Bersot, M. Legouvé put into shape for the students at the Ecole Normale Supérieure the results of his experiences and reflections on the subject.

In the present work M. Legouvé begins, after his preliminary chapter, by dealing with the voice and comparing it to a piano; and, just as no one can play the piano, he continues, without study, so no one can use his voice as it should be used without taking the trouble to learn the instrument. Then he goes on to discuss the three registers, of which the one to be chiefly relied on in reading is the middle register, the value of which he compares to the value of infantry in the field, while the low register stands for artillery, and the top register for cavalry. If you use the top register too much, the notes will get used up, will go out of tune, and will spoil the efficiency of the whole instrument. "Sometimes, indeed," M. Legouvé writes, "this abuse of the top notes may affect the very thoughts of the orator. M<sup>r</sup> Berryer told me how one day he lost a good case because he began his address unconsciously in too high a key. The fatigue of his throat in time communicated itself to his brain; his mental faculties felt the same strain that he was putting on his voice, and his ideas became confused because he had not thought of coming down from the height at which he had pitched his voice at starting." Again, the abuse of the low notes leads to heaviness, monotony, weariness. Talma had to overcome this fault in his youth, and M. Legouvé tells a curious story of his father in the same connexion:—"My father was an excellent reader, and he owed something of his reputation at the College of France, where he was a professor, to this talent; he used to introduce fragments from the poets into his lectures, and recite them amid universal applause. This led to jealousies and envy, and one day a critic wrote of him, 'Yesterday M. Legouvé recited two scenes of Racine in his sepulchral voice.' The article happened to fall under the

notice of one of his friends, M. Parseval-Grandmison, who at once, like a good fellow, said to himself, 'Legouvé will be cut up at this article; I'll go and see him.' He found my father stretched on a sofa in a melancholy attitude. 'Is there anything the matter, Legouvé?' You look rather wretched.' 'Oh no, nothing—something a little wrong with my throat. Tell me, Parseval, what do you think of my voice?' 'I think it a fine voice.' 'Yes—yes—but about its quality—should you say its quality was—brilliant?' 'Brilliant is hardly the word I should apply to your voice. I should rather call it sonorous.' 'Ah! Sonorous is it not?' 'Doubtless; however, even that is not quite the word. A deep voice, perhaps.' 'Deep! deep! not dull, though?' 'Oh no, not dull—and yet—' 'Well, it is not a cavernous voice is it?' 'No—no—and yet—' 'Ah, I see it all,' cried my father, with a laugh, 'you agree with this abominable critic, and think it a sepulchral voice.' 'The moral,' continues M. Legouvé, "of this story is that from that moment my father set to work to improve his management of the low notes, and in this way attained that variety of tone which at once charms the listener and rests the reader." Then follows the better-known story of Malibran, who had for a long time been looking for a *rôle suraigu*. "Oh! je l'ai assez cherché," reprit-elle gaiement. "Voilà un mois que je cours après lui! Je le poursuivais partout! en me coiffant! en m'habillant! et je l'ai trouvé un matin au fond de mes souliers, en me chaussant!" On voit que l'art non-seulement nous aide à bien gouverner notre royaume, mais à l'étendre." M. Legouvé's next chapter deals with the art of breathing, and in this he tells the anecdote of Talma watching the actor Dorival from the prompter's box until he had discovered his secret, which consisted in always taking a fresh breath before the last one was quite exhausted, and in doing his best to conceal the beginning of each phrase by starting whenever he could on an *a*, an *e*, or an *o*—that is to say, at the point where the fact of the mouth being already open makes it possible to take breath lightly without the action being perceived." Again, Delle Sedie, the celebrated singer, could run up and down the scale in front of a lighted candle without the flame wavering. "How is this done? It is because he employs exactly the quantity of breath needed to carry the sound of the notes. If you or I were to try it, we should simply waste our breath." In the chapter on "Pronunciation" M. Legouvé insists, and the point can hardly be too much pressed, on the value, the absolute need in fact, of clear articulation as opposed to mere exertion of voice. This he illustrates by a story of Bouffé when he was playing Père Grandet in the *Fille de l'Ave*. "When he came to the most touching scene of the piece, when the old miser finds that he is robbed, the actor began to scream out the words as he was accustomed to. At the end of a few minutes the sound died away on his lips, and he was compelled to continue in a murmur. What happened? That he was a thousand times more true and more touching than before, because he was obliged to make up for weakness of voice by force of articulation. It is true that one cannot speak without a voice, but voice alone has so little to do with diction that there are readers, orators, and actors to whom the very extent of their voice is a drawback. Unless they are skilled in articulation, the volume of sound devours the sense." Many other points of interest there are upon which M. Legouvé dwells, but which we have not space to discuss or dwell on. Not the least interesting part of his book is a passage which affords a striking proof of the practical nature of his teaching.

A lady, we learn in this passage, wrote to M. Legouvé from the country to the effect that she was at once delighted and worried by his lessons in the art of reading. She was devoting herself to the education of her two children, and her son of twelve years old devoured M. Legouvé's articles as fast as they came out and did his best to turn them to practical account. But he constantly came to his mother with the question, "Is this right? Is this how it ought to be done?" This was a subject of perplexity, since the mother felt that she was not well enough grounded in the principles of the art to give him a satisfactory answer. "This," she wrote, "is what I have to ask you. There are no professors of reading within reach, and, as you have yourself told us, the great difficulty of teaching the art is that the teaching ought to be done by word of mouth. I, as you may imagine, do my best, but I cannot but feel that bad is the best. What I really want is some unmistakable rule. I have heard of a physician who published a book called 'Doctoring without a Doctor.' I beg you not for a treatise, but for a chapter, a page even, on 'How to learn Reading without a Master.'" M. Legouvé gives both the lady's letter and his own in full, but we may venture to abridge his answer, as we have the letter which called it forth. "I have already tried," he replied, "to give an unmistakable rule. Telling the little student to hold himself upright, to lean his back straight against his chair, instead of stooping his chest, was a practical piece of advice which could be followed by anybody. Here, however, is a second rule, equally simple, equally practical, and of wider importance. This unmistakable rule is the rule of punctuation. . . . Punctuation is, if I may so express it, the gesture of thought. It adds a clear commentary to the written page. It marks each phrase, it indicates its structure and movement. . . . And now do you know what is the rule of punctuation in the art of reading? It is a rule which contains in itself a summary of all the other rules. To punctuate you must breathe, take time, and so gain repose. And, if you punctuate well, you gain clearness and neatness of articulation. You avoid hurry; you make it certain that you will be understood, and that

you will not huddle your words one upon another. It is punctuation which divides the phrase up into separate members or groups, which allows a reader to concentrate the proper amount of effort upon each of these members or groups. Again, it is most useful in the management of the voice; it makes it almost impossible to fall into the great vice of reading as practised in schools, that of a monotonous chanting."

From this M. Legouvé went on to the consideration of intonation and emphasis, and here he gives a very curious and interesting rule and example. There are two signs of punctuation, he remarks, which at once indicate the proper intonation—the point of exclamation and the point of interrogation. "With regard to the point of interrogation, the rule for every interrogative phrase is, that the note of the first word corresponds to the note of the last. For example,

*Croyez-vous qu'il soit facile de renvoyer cet importun?*

The inflection on *vous* is the same as on *un*. In other words, the note is the same. If *vous* is said on *C*, so will *un* be said on *C*. But there is more than this to be said. The interrogative sense is marked equally if the beginning and end is on the same *C*, or if the beginning is a high, the end a low *C*, or *vice versa*. We can make this clear by giving portraits of the phrases:—

*Croyez-vous que je suis votre dupe?*

Here you begin and end on the same *do*.

*Croyez-vous que je suis votre dupe?*

Here you begin the octave on the low, and ascend at the end to the high, *do*.

*Croyez-vous que je suis votre dupe?*

Here you descend the scale. Each method conveys interrogation, but each has its particular meaning. The first is simply a question. The ascending scale indicates impatience or anger. The third example—that of the descending scale—expresses, as clearly as possible, scorn. Try the three methods, and you will find that I am right." This is but one specimen of the many curious instances in which M. Legouvé shows how completely and how minutely he has gone into his subject. His book is one which should be of the greatest interest to past masters, and of the greatest use to students in the art of reading or lecturing. Many lecturers would do well to lay to heart his "petits conseils pratiques," among which we may note "Never hold your manuscript in front of your mouth. Be sure that your pages are properly numbered, and have them dog-eared ready for turning over. Never drink water in the middle of a phrase. If you do, you ruin the effect. Always begin slowly. You have to wake up your audience by degrees. Begin also in the low register; it commands silence much better than the high tones to begin with. If you are tired, stop for a moment, and then lower the pitch. And [this last is a most important rule] if you have a lengthy or tedious passage—a document, say—to read, never try to shorten it by gabbling; you will make it seem all the lengthier. The audience will at once guess your motive. Take the passage at a middle pace in the middle register, and by using the opportunity of putting in practice all the theories of diction, thus give the reading of the passage the one quality it demands, clearness."

#### MERTON COLLEGE.

THERE is a peculiar interest at this time in the learned and graphic sketch of "Merton College in the Sixteenth Century," which the present Warden, Mr. Brodrick, has contributed to the January number of the *Fortnightly Review*. His paper throws almost as much light on the condition of Oxford generally as of Merton during that stormy and critical period. And the sweeping changes which have passed over the entire life and discipline of the University within the last generation, linking it in some respects more unlike the Oxford of thirty years ago than that was unlike the Oxford of three centuries before, render it the more important that all available notices of its earlier history and condition should be carefully collected and preserved for those that come after us, to whom they might otherwise be less intelligible. Now throughout the six centuries which have elapsed from its foundation to our own day the corporate life of Merton College, as Mr. Brodrick assures us, has hitherto remained unbroken, and its traditions were as religiously treasured up by generations of Protestant Fellows as they had been in the orthodox age which preceded Wyclif; nay "the original Statutes of 1274, interpreted and enforced by successive Visitors, continued to govern the internal economy of Merton in several of its important branches, until they were finally repealed in the present year by the Statutes of the latest—but perhaps not the last—Oxford University Commission." And what is here said of Merton is substantially true of the other old Oxford Colleges also, twelve of which had been founded before the Reformation; and

not least so of Balliol, the earliest but one, where until the death of "the old Master," Dr. Jenkyns, in 1854, the original Latin Statutes used to be solemnly read out once a year after morning chapel, to the mingled terror and amazement of the unsuspecting freshmen who found the usual half-hour's function protracted to over two hours. The long Latin grace, with its prayer for the souls of the founder and benefactors, which was then still in use—probably it has been revised or superseded now—must have been a relic of equal antiquity. In recalling, then, the history of the College over which he worthily presides, Mr. Brodrick is in fact recalling the history of the University at that transition period when mediæval was gradually merging in modern Oxford.

It is not wonderful that such a time of change and disturbance, when the old learning was falling into disrepute while the new had scarcely as yet made good its footing, and education was swamped by religious controversy, should have been marked by a visible decline in the vital energy of our English Universities. The number of students was certainly much smaller than it had been in the middle of the fourteenth century, when there were only six Colleges instead of twelve; Anthony Wood even goes so far as to speak of Oxford being "empty" in the reign of Edward VI. When Henry VIII. visited Oxford with Queen Catharine in 1518, just before the beginning of troubles, "the Queen specially elected to dine at Merton," and some years later Merton was one of the five Colleges fixed on by Henry's Commissioners to support the classical lectures then newly introduced. It appears indeed throughout that trying time to have maintained its place in the front rank of Colleges, as may be inferred from the frequent recurrence of Merton names among the Vice-Chancellors, Proctors, and Heads of other foundations. The description given by Wood of the rhetorical prowess of one of its most distinguished contemporary members, David de la Hyde, is so curious that it is worth quoting as well for the quaintness of the language as of the custom indicated:—

He was also very well seen in the Latin and Greek tongues, and excellent in speaking orations, especially in that made before a considerable auditory in his College Hall; esteemed very witty and ingenious according to the humour of this age. The subject was "de ligno et feno," made in praise of Mr. Jasp. Heywood, about this time King, or Christmas Lord, of the said College; being, it seems, the last who bore that commendable office. That custom hath been as ancient, for aught that I know, as the College itself, and the election of them after this manner. On the 19th of November, being the vigil of Prince Edmund, King and Martyr, letters under seal were pretended to have been brought from some place beyond sea, for the election of a King of Christmas, or Misrule, sometimes called with us of the aforesaid College, "Rex Fabarum." The said letters being put into the hands of the Bachelor Fellows, they brought them into the Hall that night, and standing, sometimes walking, round the fire, there reading the contents of them, would choose the Senior Fellow that had not yet borne that office, whether he was a Doctor of Divinity, Law, or Physick, and being so elected had power put into his hands of punishing all misdemeanours done in the time of Christmas, either by imposing exercises on the juniors, or putting into the stocks at the end of the Hall any of the servants, with other punishments that were sometimes very ridiculous. He had always a chair provided for him, and would sit in great state when any speeches were spoken or justice to be executed, and so this his authority would continue till Candlemas, or much about the time that the *Ignis Regentus* was celebrated in that College.

It is certainly remarkable, as Mr. Brodrick observes, that all the most prominent "representatives of Merton during the Reformation period should have espoused the Catholic side," the more so as the College had previously "been known as a consistent opponent of Papal encroachments, and had produced redoubtable supporters of Wyclif." So, however, it was; Dr. Richard Smyth, who preached at the burning of Ridley and Latimer opposite Balliol College, was an ex-Fellow of Merton, and masses for the souls of founders and benefactors continued to be celebrated in Merton Chapel during the reign of Edward VI. and the earlier years of Elizabeth. It was indeed in order to curb this reactionary spirit that Oxford was favoured with so many royal "Visitations" during the successive reigns of the sixteenth century, which probably did more to promote "a thorough, godly reformation" than to advance the interests of learning. At the accession of Elizabeth Dr. Raynolds, Warden of Merton, with some of his Fellows—including David de la Hyde—were summarily ejected, as well as several other Heads of Colleges and Halls, some of whom were sent to prison. The successor foisted into Dr. Raynolds's place by the Visitors, with questionable legality, James Gervase, resigned after three years, and the contest of jurisdiction between Visitors and Fellows at the next election led to a quarrel, not to say a brawl, the following account of which is gathered from the College Register itself:—

By the old Statutes of Merton, the Senior Fellows were bound to choose three persons, out of whom the Visitor should nominate one as Warden. Instead of this, they presented five persons, two or three of whom had never been members of the College. This constituted no disqualification, for the Statutes expressly authorised the Seniors to select three persons "either belonging to the House or elsewhere"; indeed, Mr. Rowland Phillips, who became Warden in 1521, is stated by Anthony Wood to have been "a stranger and never a Fellow." On the other hand, the Statutes do not contemplate the presentation of five names. In this case, the Visitor, acting under the advice of counsel, and treating the appointment as having passed to himself, *jure devolutionis*, thought proper to ignore all those presented, and to nominate Mr. John Mann, formerly a Fellow of New College, and a chaplain of his own. This nomination was vehemently resented by the Senior Fellows, and especially by what Styre calls "a great Popish faction in the College, headed by one Hall." This Hall, being Sub-Warden, had exerted himself during the vacancy to restore certain usages which Protestants deemed superstitious. "Among such," as Anthony Wood informs us, "was the singing certain hymns, in the College Hall, round the fire on Holyday evenings and their Vigils, enduring from the Vigil of All Saints to the evening of the Purification, which custom being before

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annulled in Dr. Gervase his time, the Psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins were appointed in their places, which do to this day continue. But so it was that when Mr. James Leech, one of the Junior Fellows, had took the book into his hands ready to begin one of the said Psalms, Mr. Hawle stepped into his place, offering to snatch the book from him, with an intent, as 'tis said, to cast it into the fire, adding, moreover, that neither he nor the rest would dance after his pipe."

When the new Rector, John Mann, presented himself, the College gates were closed against him, and he had to effect an entrance by force, on which occasion, according to Wood, "the Fellows were so enraged that Mr. Hawle gave the new Warden a box on the ears for his presumption to enter into the gates without his leave." Archbishop Parker therefore issued a Visitation, and eventually Mann was settled in his wardenship and Hall expelled. The general result of the Visitation, we are told, was to break up the reactionary party in the College, and thereby to check its influence throughout the University.

Mann was succeeded in 1569 in the wardenship by Bickley, another chaplain and nominee of Archbishop Parker's, "who had always been a strong Protestant," but was also a genuine friend of learning, and seems to have governed his College ably and well for sixteen years. Both he and Henry Savile, who succeeded him in 1585, have the credit of having kept the fellowships open, according to their original institution, to "the whole exterior flower of this University, and without excluding that of any other that might be in the kingdom." Savile's wardenship extended over the long period of thirty-six years, and was signalized by the rebuilding of the entire north wing of the College and of St. Alban's Hall, which then belonged to Merton—to which it has just been restored—and the building of the Fellows' Quadrangle. He became afterwards Provost of Eton, and through his influence six Fellows of Merton—one of whom was the famous John Hales—were elected to Eton Fellowships, while four others were made Prebendaries of Windsor. Oxford, and notably Merton, appear to have been terribly scourged by pestilence during the sixteenth century, the worst outbreak occurring at the time of "the Black Assizes" of 1577, when no less than five hundred persons, including one hundred members of the University, are said to have died of gaol-fever. Mr. Brodrick's subject does not carry him beyond the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but he proceeds to point out in conclusion how important in its bearings on the subsequent history of Oxford was the memorable interval between the struggles of the Reformation and of the Civil War, when the University enjoyed a season of salutary repose, while however "a subtle change was insensibly passing over it, of which the effects are not yet exhausted," whereby it became less ecclesiastical and more truly national. But he adds that the imposition of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles impressed on it at the same time the peculiarly Church of England character it has borne ever since. And we may observe that the rule first introduced during the Chancellorship of Archbishop Laud, and never relaxed till our own day, of requiring of all undergraduates three years' residence within the walls of a College—thereby putting an end to unattached Students and private Halls—tended in the same direction. The Church and King enthusiasm of Oxford in the seventeenth century, and the prominent position it occupied as a royalist centre and stronghold during the contest between Charles I. and the Parliament, while Cambridge took the opposite side, opens out a new chapter in its history. And we sincerely hope that Mr. Brodrick, who has already sketched the history of his College, which may be taken as a microcosm of the history of Oxford, during the middle ages and the epoch of the Reformation, will be able to carry on his narrative through the no less interesting and eventful period—for the University, the Church, and the country—which followed. It is hardly too much to say that modern Oxford, as we have known it till the last few years, is a creation of Laud, of whose spirit the Tractarian movement was avowedly a bequest and a revival. The influences which then took root may not yet have lost their vitality, but he would be a bold man who, even with the experience of the past six centuries to guide him, should venture to predict the temper and the destinies, under its changed conditions, of the Oxford of the future.

#### NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

THE ancient saw which asserts that "there is nothing like leather" has been proved true once more by the sale of the Beckford Library. The amateurs who collect books have been, as Mr. Matthew Arnold says all of us have, "on many thousand lines." They have collected early printed books and books with "cartons," where the police have insisted on replacing dangerous passages with something milder. They have revelled in heretical books, and indecent books, and books with prints, like the Petrarch which was lately sold for nearly 2,000*l.* They have sought after "Pageants" and "Royal Entries," and those odd cock-and-bull stories which call themselves "Histoires prodigieuses." And now, while not neglecting all these profitable works, they have settled down on bindings, old bindings, peculiar sorts of tooling, bindings by ancient masters of the craft, as the things really worth money and trouble. Stamped and gilded leather, not the literary contents of the pages, makes the real merit and true value of a volume. A new *Sartor Resartus* on the coats of books might be written, and it would be easy to show that the

rayment of a bad book makes it more desired than all the poetry or prose which have ever been printed.

The Beckford Sale, of which the second innings has just ended, showed us this passion for leather pushed to its logical consequences. Mr. Beckford was, fortunately for his heirs, a collector above all of bindings. No French books came amiss to him, but all his French books had passed through the hands of Duseuil (immortalized by Pope), of Le Gascon, of Derome, of all the most famous brave men *ante Agamemnona*, before the appearance of Bauzonnet. Consequently Mr. Beckford's books brought prices as extravagant as ever were paid for tulips. The sale followed on several other great sales, but there was no sign that the purses of buyers were exhausted. One bookseller was supposed to bid for the Americans, and, if this were true, we must congratulate the States on having secured, at monstrous cost, some singular examples of binding. In this country we have not heard by report of any American binders. If such beings exist, they have probably now some good old models to follow, and, in the cause of technical education, Europe need not weep for her tooled morocco. It has gone to play its part in the great mission of civilization.

In some cases it was not perhaps very singular that Mr. Beckford's books caused furious competition. He had a good many volumes which once belonged to Grolier, and bore his famous device on the calf or brown morocco. Now Groliers are, as an article of commerce, strictly limited in number. M. Le Roux de Linay calculated, we think, that only three hundred "Groliers" exist, or, at all events, can come into the market. Objects so rare are certain to be prized. We may see nothing in particular in an Aldine Lucan of 1515, but the two copies of this work which Grolier and Mr. Beckford possessed were sold for many hundreds of pounds. Without the "painted interstices" and the "scrolled tooling," and the motto, which implies that Grolier did not expect to find many books in the next world, the Lucans would not have been valued at very many shillings. Charles Nodier says that Dibdin, "Froggy Dibdin," first led the British public into the error of believing that Grolier was a bookbinder. It has been reserved for a writer in the *Magazine of Art* to discover that De Thou, Thuuanus, the great historian, was also a binder like Clovis Eve and Padeloup. Do any of the rich men who purchase De Thou's golden bees for more than the weight in gold of the books they adorn hold the same innocent opinion? Fortunately not many of the volumes which have taken their way to inaccessible private libraries are really indispensable to the student.

It was amusing to note on the fly-leaves the modest prices for which Mr. Beckford acquired his treasures, and then to note the rates at which they were sold. The fly-leaves were marked with such sums as 3*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*, or 1*l.* 11*s.*, or the like, and in the auction the price would be multiplied by fifteen or twenty at the least. Two quite forgotten novels, *Azemia* and *The Elegant Enthusiast*, which had been presented to Mr. Beckford by "the divine authoress," as he wrote on the fly-leaf, were sold for more than 5*l.* Who wants to read *Azemia* or *The Elegant Enthusiast*? Probably they were valued for their very uninteresting green morocco covers. For some reason there was no great run on Longepierre's copies. Longepierre was a translator of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, and a bibliophile who had his literary ambition. He had no success till he produced a play on the subject of Medea. In gratitude to the house of Athamas and the Argonautic cycle, Longepierre stamped his blue morocco covers with the badge of the fleece of gold. A very pretty Homer of his, fleece of gold and all, excited no competition, and was sold cheap, as times go. Brunet, the author of the Manual, was the first, we believe, who brought Longepierre and his fleece into fashion. Among many books which no mortal will ever read there were some fine editions of Clément Marot's poems. An example of Dolet's edition (Lyon, 1543) was there, and if there is an interesting edition it is that of Dolet. That martyred publisher first brought out Marot in 1538, and a third edition, with twenty translations of the Psalms, was produced in 1543. This was the copy in the sale. In the preface Marot calls Dolet "his dear friend." The poet and the publisher were walking hand in hand, so to speak, in amity and brotherly love. How rare, alas! is this spectacle. It did not last long. Marot died in 1544, but he had, it is said, found time and occasion to quarrel with his dear friend and publisher. After Marot's decease, some epigrams which he had left in manuscript were printed. One of them was addressed to Etienne Dolet, and shows that Dolet did not speak well in private life of his friend and publisher:—

Tant que voudras jecte feu et fumée,  
Mesdy de moy à tort et à travers,  
Si n'auras-tu jamais la renommée  
Que du longtemps tu cherches par mes vers,  
Et nonobstant les gros tomes divers  
Sans bruit mourras, cela est arresté;  
Car quel besoin est-il, homme pervers,  
Que lon te sache avoir jamais été?

Later editions omitted the complimentary ode to Dolet, but retained the epigram. The poet was no prophet; for Dolet was burned at the stake, and so could not be said to die "sans bruit." According to another theory, Dolet is the person whom Marot calls not only a Nonconformist, but something unmentionable as well. This particular Marot has plenty of interest for the student, but it was sold for the moderate price of 13*l.* Probably it was not bound by any of the orthodox binders. It is true that a Paris bookseller offers another copy, in morocco, for 8*l.*; while

the last edition corrected by Marot, which brought 30*l.*, may, or lately might, be had in Paris for 5*l.* And here is some comfort for the poor collector; he may occasionally get books like Beckford's and not pay the prices of the Beckford Sale. Before we leave the Marots, let us mention the "uncut" copy of Moetjens's pretty edition of 1700. This book is quite as beautiful as any Elzevir. Beckford's copy had belonged to Pixécourt, and, being untouched by the binder's shears, was of exquisite proportions. Shelley says "men scarcely know how beautiful fire is," and many know not how beautiful is an uncut Elzevir, or other book of the rival and all but contemporary press of Moetjens. This pretty Marot sold for 30*l.*, and we think it was cheap. By way of showing once more what leather can do, let us glance at the Foppens Montaigne (1659). The catalogue, of course, calls the publication by Foppens an "Elzevir," in spite of M. Willems and right reason. There were two copies of this edition, which is said to contain 6,000 counted faults. The first copy was in red morocco, *doublé*, by Duseuil. It fetched 200*l.* The second copy was also in red morocco, by Roger Payne, and not *doublé*. It was sold for 12*l.* 10*s.* The little bit of red leather extra and the name of Duseuil were worth 18*l.* 10*s.* Truly there is nothing like leather.

The first reflection which occurs to a poverty-stricken book-hunter, after looking at the Beckford prices, is the melancholy thought that he is "out of the hunt," the book-hunt. You may, by rare luck, buy a rare book cheap, if it be ill bound, or bound in gloomy old calf or dirty vellum. Such cases are rare; they occur once in a couple of years to one *chasseur* out of thousands. For example, an amateur has bought the Foppens Montaigne for something less than half-a-sovereign, and an original play of Molière's was actually sold in London for eighteenpence. We ourselves procured, for one shilling, Montesquieu's *Lettres Persanes* of an earlier date than Mr. Beckford's (1748). But then Mr. Beckford's was bound by Derome. And that makes all the difference. We have heard of a book with Derome's ticket—actually with his ticket—being sold for four shillings. But that was at Oxford, where De Thous were lately drug in the market, as poetry is according to Mr. Borrow's publisher. The conclusion is that a poor book-hunter must almost give up the idea of coping with the wealthy, and must buy books he wishes to read regardless of the market value of leather.

That there are still, however, chances for the poor poacher in the hunting-ground of books the following anecdotes demonstrate. A collector entered a shop in a large manufacturing town, and asked for a book with cuts. He was handed a Bewick's *Fables* of 1776. Now the very existence of this edition has been doubted. "How much?" asked the collector, when he recovered his breath. "I don't call sixpence dear," said the bookseller, and the buyer agreed with him. The other story is also of a Bewick; a very rare one. A bookseller bought it for a few pence. He had never heard of it, but, at a venture, placed it at a guinea in his catalogue. The day after publication of the catalogue a telegram came early, demanding the Bewick, which was scarcely sent off before forty other telegrams, from forty anxious collectors, were brought to the shop. Even at a guinea that was a cheap Bewick.

#### DISCIPLINE ON BOARD TRAWLERS.

IT is far from creditable to the Board of Trade that it should have delayed attempting to regulate the way in which the smacks engaged in the North Sea fisheries are manned and conducted till the matter had been forced on its attention by a shocking series of murders. The discredit of this neglect must, it is true, be largely shared by the country generally. It happens continually, and in many kinds of industries, that a very unsatisfactory state of things is known to exist for years. Attention is called to it by thoroughly competent witnesses without the least result. The bad becomes worse as a matter of course, and then some more or less shameful tragedy shocks everybody, and there is a loud call for something to be done. This slovenly method of government does worse than let evil happen by neglect. It very commonly results in causing what is done to be done under the influence of sentiment and excitement, and so, in attempting to remedy one injustice, produces others. Sympathy with the victims of ill-use leads by reaction to undue severity towards the persons who more or less justly are held responsible for the wrong-doing. But for the unconstitutional checks placed upon too rapid legislation by the recent condition of the House of Commons, something of this kind might very well have happened with the measures proposed for the protection of the apprentices employed on the fishing-smacks and for the proper regulation of discipline in the crews. It had been sufficiently well known for years that the condition of the crews of certain classes of vessels engaged in the fisheries was far from satisfactory. The matter might have been, and ought to have been, regulated when the very pardonable violence of Mr. Plimsoll forced Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry to legislate for the protection of merchant seamen. But there was no Mr. Plimsoll to call attention to the state of the smack crews, and nothing happened on board of any of them to compel public attention. Consequently nothing was done. A few months ago the occurrence, within a very short period, of several most brutal murders and outrages on board vessels of this kind gave the necessary fillip to the official activity of the Board of Trade. They were made the occasion of

strong, but by no means too strong, comments from the Bench; and a Bill was drafted to provide against the recurrence of such things in the future. Nothing was, or could be, done during last Session; and Mr. Chamberlain, very properly judging that a little trustworthy knowledge is of some advantage to the legislator, appointed a Committee to inquire into the whole matter. They were not only to see what measures were necessary to give apprentices some security for life and limb, but how they were to be prevented from habitually deserting, and how the discipline of the vessels could be put on a more satisfactory footing.

The Committee has now completed its work, and has published a Report covering the whole ground which has every appearance of being sensible and trustworthy. The experienced members of the Committee—Mr. Norwood, M.P., Mr. Birkbeck, M.P., Mr. Heneage, M.P., the Mayor of Hull, and Mr. Thomas Gray—deal with the question of the ill-treatment of the apprentices in a way which inspires confidence in their judicial impartiality. When the murders and outrages which were the immediate cause why the Board of Trade moved in the matter had just taken place, and the shock caused by them was still fresh, the excitable philanthropists who never fail to make themselves heard on such occasions commented on them in their usual fashion. The whole body of the masters and mates of the smacks was represented as habitually and callously brutal. All the virtues were on the side of the injured class of apprentices, and strong measures were called for to protect them against their natural enemies. As might have been supposed, the Committee, after listening to many witnesses and sifting much evidence, have arrived at a very different conclusion. They have not been led to believe that a whole class of Englishmen are unfeeling brutes. Neither have they found that the hardships of a seafaring life have suddenly become intolerable to any class in the country. It is not the less certain that great discontent, leading to continual desertion, does exist among the apprentices of the fishing-smacks, and their inquiry into the causes of this has resulted in a Report on the general state of the fisheries which is highly interesting. It shows, what indeed was well enough known already, that a great change has come over the conditions on which the fisheries are carried on within recent years. There has been an immense increase in the number of trawlers. The vessels engaged in trawling are very much larger than the fishing-boats used under the old conditions. They are more continually employed, spend long periods at sea, and transfer the fish caught by them to other vessels to be carried into port. They generally belong to large ports such as Hull and Grimsby, and the business of working them is an industry carried on upon a large scale. This change in the material conditions of the trade has led to great changes in the habits of the crews. Formerly, and it is still largely the case with the boats which use the drift-net, the fishermen belonged to small towns. They were not so long away from home. The members of the crews were often relations. The boys learnt their business from their fathers or brothers, and went back to their families on their return to port. In becoming fishermen they only followed an hereditary trade, to which all the conditions of their life were suited. Apprenticeship was scarcely needed, and still less special measures of protection for the boys. This is still the case to a considerable extent with the class of fishermen who use the drift-net, and the Committee do not, apparently, suggest any legislation for the "drifters." But the case of the trawlers is very different. They belong to large towns. The crews are recruited from a scattered population, and are not bound by the same personal relationships. When they return from a cruise the lads cannot be properly looked after, but are left exposed to all the temptations of seaports. Neither do they seem to be taken from so good a class as the older-fashioned stamp of fishermen. Some of them come from workhouses and reformatories. Even if these apprentices were generally taken from the best possible class they could scarcely, considering the conditions of their life, be a very orderly body. Everything tends to produce in them the roving habits and general incapacity to remain fixed to any one vessel which is found to distinguish merchant sailors. They are sure to want money and hanker after their liberty. Very little is enough to make them discontented and induce them to desert, and seek better paid work elsewhere. They are also likely to be less kindly regarded by their masters than the lads in the "drifters," who are often sons or nephews of at least one of the crew, and are probably at times relations of every man on board of the boats which come from the small villages. Under these conditions it is not strange that the apprentices are disorderly and discontented. The same influences are at work in the merchant service. A master, as a rule, objects to have any apprentices on board, exactly for the reason that they cannot be relied on to serve out their time, and when he does carry one the lad is generally his son or nephew.

All this shows a state of things considerably less bad than had been supposed, but still calling for some measure of control. It is not desirable that a considerable industry should be carried on with any avoidable degree of disorder and laxity. It is also by no means right that a number of boys should be left uncared for and exposed to gross temptations in such places as seaports are all the world over. They are also entitled to more vigilant protection against their masters. Although there do not appear to be any general complaints of ill-use, there will always be too much chance of the recurrence of the scandals of a few months ago, if rough men, such as the masters of fishing-smacks are likely

to be, are left in unchecked authority. When the humanizing influence of relationship is not there to protect the weak a public authority must step in. The Committee appointed by the Board of Trade make suggestions for the purpose both of strengthening the discipline on board and protecting the apprentices. At present they escape much too easily when they desert or refuse to go to sea. They seem to think that their master has no authority over them except when they are actually on board. It is therefore proposed by the Committee that power should be given to the Superintendent of Merchant Marine, or to the senior Board of Trade officer, to order the summary arrest of deserters. They also recommend that apprentices should no longer have the right of giving a forty-eight hours' notice of their intention to absent themselves from their vessels, and that other measures should be taken to strengthen the hands of the masters. At the same time, and with the object of protecting the apprentices, they think that the officials of the Board of Trade should have power to cancel indentures when ill-treatment can be proved; also, that more care should be taken to define exactly what sums the boys are to receive, and that they should be noted on the indentures. With one dissentient, the Committee also recommend that the masters and mates of the trawlers should be required to take out certificates, which of course they would be liable to lose as a punishment for any abuse of authority. But the Committee think—and there can be little doubt that they are right—that regulations of this nature will do far less to improve the condition of the crews of the trawlers than the establishment of decent homes for the boys when in port. "Smack Boys' Homes," such as already exist in some places, might be more generally organized. They would be under proper inspection and managed by responsible persons, who would see that the lads were decently lodged, and, as far as possible, kept out of temptation. It is only too probable that no precautions which can be taken will prevent the new class of fishermen from being far more nomadic and shifting than the old. That is, in many respects, a matter for regret, and must necessarily entail the loss of some good qualities and virtues; but it is the inevitable consequence of the great scale on which modern industries are conducted, and much may be done to counteract its evil effects by judicious regulation, and by inspection if it is not too fussy and sentimental.

#### THE BUSINESS YEAR.

THE year now ending has been very disappointing to the business community. Twelve months ago it was thought that 1882 would resemble 1872, inasmuch as it was supposed that the revival of trade, which was then more than two years old, had gathered so much strength that it would lead to a great burst of activity, and, consequently, to a prosperity as exceptional as the previous depression had been prolonged. And this expectation seemed to be well founded, as the usual progress of a revival is such as was then looked forward to, and as, moreover, the trade statistics seemed to point to continued and rapid improvement. The expectation, however, was based upon an incorrect estimate of the influence of free trade. It was supposed that, because under the *régime* of free trade we now draw half our food supplies from other countries, therefore the importance of the home harvest had so much diminished that a succession of bad seasons would not prevent a great outburst of commercial activity. But it is now clearly seen that this is an incorrect view. Free trade enables us to draw our food supplies from all parts of the world, and thus, availing ourselves of widespread competition, to provision ourselves cheaply. It diminishes the effect of bad harvests in so far as it ensures us cheap food, and therefore scarcity of home-grown corn does not pinch the poorer classes as they used to be pinched in the times when the Corn-laws were in existence; and it is possible that, if free trade were practised by those who supply us with our food, the influence of bad harvests at home would be still further lessened. Selling us their surplus food, they would probably then buy from us our surplus manufactures, and each would enrich the other. Consequently, we should not feel a series of bad home harvests as we feel them now. But free trade has not been adopted by the foreign countries which chiefly supply us with our food; and therefore they do not buy from us in anything like the same proportion as we have to buy from them. They have increased their purchases undoubtedly, but not in the proportion in which they have increased their sales to us. The American farmers spend chiefly on home manufactures the additional wealth derived from the supply of British needs. There is another point to be borne in mind. Even now agriculture is the greatest of British industries. In Ireland it is almost the sole great industry, and even in Great Britain it is by far the largest of any single industry. But since 1874 we have not had in the United Kingdom a really good agricultural season. We have had years in which pasture flourished, and we have had years when there have been better harvests than in some other years; but a really good year all round we have not had for a long time, and even a really good grain harvest we have not had since 1874. The result is that the whole of the landed interests of this country are suffering severely. Each year has left them less wealthy than the year before. They have consequently been able to spend less with the other producers of the country, and trade has seriously suffered.

Another point which was lost sight of in the expectations enter-

tained twelve months ago was the influence of a series of bad harvests upon the Continent. All over the Continent earnest efforts are being made to build up manufacturing industry and to promote foreign commerce; but yet Continental countries are essentially agricultural. The depression of agriculture, therefore, has weighed heavily upon the whole Continent. Even in France, the richest, and economically the most developed, of Continental countries, the landed interest is two to one of all the other interests. When, therefore, agriculture has been depressed the general wealth has suffered in even a greater proportion than it has suffered here at home. There are no means of estimating with any approach to accuracy the losses that have been suffered through the bad harvests of the past six or eight years, but if we assume that on an average the yield of the land has been 15 per cent. less than in an average good year—and we think that that is not overstating the case, bearing in mind how bad 1879 was—it would follow that the income of the Continent has been diminished for six or eight years about one-tenth, estimating that all other industries except agriculture yield about one-third of the total production. But it is to be borne in mind that of the produce of land fully one-third is a mere reproduction of capital—of the capital expended in raising the crops and keeping the land in good condition. This capital of course must be made good unless the existing capital of the country is to diminish, and therefore the one-tenth of the annual income must be deducted from the remaining two-thirds, which we may regard as the real income of the country. Therefore, about one-sixth or one-seventh of the total income of the Continent must, on an average, have disappeared annually in the course of this prolonged agricultural depression. And the effect of the bad seasons has been aggravated by cattle disease, by the *phylozoa*, and by similar disasters. It will be seen how great must be the effect of these unfavourable circumstances in diminishing the purchasing power of the Continent, and consequently in preventing an expansion of its trade. And this diminution of Continental trade affects ourselves both directly and indirectly; directly, in diminishing our trade with the Continental countries, and indirectly by diminishing the trade of the Continental countries with other countries with which we deal, and which would be better customers if they carried on a larger business with the Continent. The result has been that the revival of trade which began in the autumn of 1879 has not gathered strength, as, according to previous experience, it ought to have done, and has not, as yet at any rate, produced a great outburst of activity and a period of unwonted prosperity.

Other causes have largely contributed to prevent the improvement in trade from becoming more marked. Among these the most potent was the Bourse panic in Paris in January last. It is now evident that that panic was much more serious than at the time it was believed to be by any observer either in France or abroad. France was prevented from sharing in the speculative mania that followed the Franco-German War in consequence of the disasters she had so recently suffered, and those disasters compelled the people to apply themselves more industriously than ever before to their work, and to pinch and save more closely. Wealth, therefore, in the course of a few years accumulated in unprecedented abundance, and the French people were surprised by the ease with which they bore the burden of debt and taxation imposed upon them by the losses of the war, and by the high credit which their country enjoyed throughout Europe. They were thus induced to form a higher opinion than was just of the capabilities of their country, and they plunged into a speculative mania such as had not been experienced in their country since the time of Law. Since the war there has been a great development of joint-stock enterprise, and a very considerable improvement in the organization of credit. Banks had sprung up in large numbers, and the previously existing banks had extended their business and greatly augmented their resources. These banks, holding immense deposits, experienced a difficulty in employing them profitably, and they accordingly encouraged the speculation by themselves promoting joint-stock Companies, or by assisting the promoters financially. An immense crop of new Companies thus sprang up—Insurance Companies, banks, Companies for making railways, Companies for promoting public works at home and abroad, and, in short, Companies for all conceivable objects. These Companies were floated with great ease, and generally at a high premium, and in a short time a race began between the promoters of Companies and the applicants for shares, which in due course led to the crash of January last. It is now clear that the savings of the producing classes were transferred to a larger amount than had been supposed to mere gamblers, by whom they were squandered uselessly, and thus there has been a very considerable waste of the capital of France. At the same time, the peasantry, the shopkeepers, and domestic servants, who were induced by the high profits promised to engage in the speculation, have lost confidence in all joint-stock enterprise, and, holding back from Bourse operations, have caused a ruinous fall in the price of Stock Exchange securities generally, and have thus added to the impoverishment caused by direct waste. Lastly, the great credit institutions find themselves in difficulties. They had attempted to stop the panic by coming to the aid of the Bourse, and they did check it effectually; but they did so only at the cost of prolonging the crisis for a whole year. As the panic was not allowed to work its own cure, there was a general suspicion that multitudes of the credit institutions were unsound and would have been obliged to close their doors had they not

been bolstered up by their more powerful allies. There has, in consequence, all through the year prevailed a general distrust, which has paralysed credit and checked enterprise. At the same time, the great credit institutions and the great capitalists in their efforts to check the panic were obliged to buy more Stock Exchange securities than they could conveniently hold, and they thus have too much of their capital locked up. They are, therefore, disabled from engaging in new enterprises. Partly, then, by the losses incurred by the producing classes; partly by the waste of the mere speculators; partly by the shock to credit; and partly by the lock-up of capital in Stock Exchange securities on the part of the credit institutions and the leading capitalists, there has been a paralysis of enterprise in France during the year, which reacted immediately and powerfully on Austria, Spain, and Italy, and which has helped to check enterprise and prevent speculation with ourselves.

One further cause which has contributed powerfully to the disappointment of the business community during the past year, will be found in the difficulties of the syndicates which have been making railways in the United States. When the revival of trade began in the United States in 1879 there was a resumption of railway construction on a vast scale, and the scale has been increasing each year since, until in the year now ending it is estimated that from twelve to fifteen thousand miles of new railway will have been made. It is to be borne in mind, of course, that, speaking generally, the land costs nothing, and the system of construction is very cheap; still the general estimate is that every mile of new railway costs 5,000*l.*, which would imply an expenditure during the year now ending of from 60 to 75 millions sterling, following upon large expenditure in the preceding three years. It would seem that the savings of the United States are not sufficient to bear this great sinking of capital. In previous periods of active railway construction in America, the largest proportion of the capital has been obtained in Europe, and especially in this country. But Europeans have been taught by experience the danger of investing in new railway enterprise in America, and they have this time refused to part with their money for such a purpose. The construction syndicates have thus been compelled to depend upon their own resources, and there is a general suspicion that the banks throughout the United States have lent too largely to those syndicates in order to enable them to carry out their enterprises. How far the suspicion is well founded there are, of course, no means of ascertaining, but the existence of the suspicion has weight with the business community of the United States and of Europe. It has been strengthened by the course of the railway market in New York. All through the year the American public has steadily refused to invest in railway securities, and those securities have consequently become the sport of mere Stock Exchange gamblers. When it became clear that the harvest would be exceptionally abundant, and therefore that the earnings of the railways would be enormous, it was expected that the public would come forward and buy shares as they formerly did; but the public has not done so. The natural inference is that the public has not the means of doing so. No doubt the American public is distrustful of railway management, as it ought to be. But still it would not suddenly have become so utterly distrustful if the surplus savings were very large. It would seem, then, that, partly in consequence of the expansion of house-building in all the towns of the Union, and of the sinking of capital in all the various ways that are necessary in so rapidly growing and so new a country, the savings of the country are being sunk almost as quickly as they are accumulated, and that the American public have very little money available for any other purpose. There is a fear, then, that suddenly the available capital may prove insufficient for the work it is expected to do, and that there may be a financial crisis in the United States; and this fear has weighed directly upon the Stock Exchanges of Europe and indirectly upon trade. Added to the other causes to which we have directed attention, it has prevented that speculative activity which always precedes, and to a certain extent promotes legitimate trade activity, and has thus helped to bring about the disappointment which the business community has this year experienced.

#### REVIEWS.

##### RUSSIAN DIPLOMACY AND THE CRIMEAN WAR.\*

ALTHOUGH general interest in the Crimean war has been both superseded by later events and satisfied by the labours of many writers, the Russian official account of the diplomatic transactions which preceded and accompanied the contest is too important to be passed over without remark. In the words of the prefatory notice, "the *Diplomatic Study* is an official publication, and reflects throughout the opinions of the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs who entered upon his office at the end of the Crimean War, and who, after having refused to take any part in the preparation of the Treaty of Paris, made it the business of his life to procure the abrogation of those clauses in it which were hurtful to the interests or dignity of his country." The materials

of the work were collected in 1863; it was printed in 1874; but it was not issued until after the signing of the Treaty of Berlin, when, having previously abolished the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty of Paris, Prince Gortchakoff completed his task by recovering for his country the lost slice of Bessarabia, with the mouths of the Danube. "The literary execution of the 'Study' is attributed to Baron Jomini, of the Foreign Office." The translator, whose name is not given, though he writes very good English, is perhaps a foreigner, if a judgment may be formed from his use of a few phrases which are not idiomatic. For instance, an outlet for indignation or energy is more than once called a derivation, and the Maritime Powers are sometimes disguised under the title of "the Naval Courts." Trifling eccentricities of this kind in no degree impair the merit of a correct and spirited version. A short Introduction, apparently written by Prince Gortchakoff himself, is devoted to the establishment of two conclusions. The writer maintains, as if he were affirming a paradox, in opposition to the adversaries of Russian policy, that there is a political morality; and he also remarks that Powers which have unjustly opposed Russia have injured themselves. In his estimation, the loss of Italy by Austria and the fall of Napoleon III. illustrate the terrible consequences of designs against Russia which seemed at the time to be successful. There are plausible grounds for connecting the Italian war of 1859 and the German war of 1866 with the alienation of the powerful ally of Austria. Napoleon III. reigned in prosperity for fourteen or fifteen years after the Crimean war; but it is true that the friendly understanding between Russia and Prussia which was formed or strengthened during the war of 1854 contributed to his fall. The Introduction contains a kind of apology for the vehement tone of the polemical narrative which is called a *Diplomatic Study*. In 1863 Prince Gortchakoff was still indignant at the injustice done to Russia, which, as he naturally boasts, has since been fully compensated by events. It is undoubtedly true that the failure of a great project of aggression in 1853 was followed by an equally unprovoked war of aggression in 1879 with opposite results. Historical moralists, less ambitious than the author of the *Diplomatic Study*, will perhaps draw from the contrast between the two wars the modest and hackneyed inference that fortune is on the side of big battalions. By England and France, aiding Turkey, Russia was defeated. Against Turkey, deserted by her former allies, Russia was, not without difficulty, victorious. The Russian official account, which seems to be composed in perfect good faith, confirms the general impression that the Emperor Nicholas would not have blundered into a causeless and ruinous quarrel but for many unforeseen circumstances and some venial misapprehensions; but his own ill-judged ambition was the primary cause of all his subsequent difficulties and disasters.

The official author of the work entertains an apparently sincere belief in the loyalty and honesty of the Emperor Nicholas, while he admits that on some occasions he committed political mistakes. It was, according to Prince Gortchakoff, the main object of the Emperor's life to preserve the European system which had been established in 1815. He was, if the same authority is to be trusted, anxious to extend the benefit of his conservative policy to Turkey, notwithstanding the attack on that country which occupied the early part of his reign, and which ended with the Treaty of Adrianople. The writer justly blames the Emperor Nicholas for his refusal to address Napoleon III. in the form which is customary among sovereigns. It appears that he called the ruler of France his good friend instead of his brother, by way of asserting the continued validity of the Treaty of 1815. England had already given full recognition to the restored Empire, and neither Austria nor Prussia could be induced to imitate the ill-timed reserve of Russia. The affront was probably one of the causes of the alienation of Napoleon III. from Russia, but he had already, as President of the Republic before his seizure of absolute power, indicated his power of disturbing the general peace by the unnecessary quarrel which he fostered between the Greek and Latin clergy at Jerusalem. The story of the idle dispute about the Holy Places is fully and accurately told. It may be remarked incidentally that the Russian Foreign Office knows nothing of the imaginary conversation of the Emperor Nicholas with the English Ministers in 1844 on the Holy Places. The story, as told by a recent English writer, was evidently founded on an erroneous recollection by a person of authority. The conversation which actually occurred, and in which there was no mention of the Holy Places, is duly set out in the Russian narrative. It is perhaps natural that a Russian statesman should deal gravely with a factitious squabble which seems to Western politicians utterly contemptible; but in an apology for the Emperor Nicholas it is necessary to make the most of the only excuse which can be suggested for his lawless attack on an unoffending neighbour. At that time the sick man was not more sick than usual, and, but for the concessions about silver keys and stars which had been extorted by French menaces from the Sultan, the Emperor could have found no pretext for aggression. The quarrel about the Holy Places was, after all, soon and easily settled, partly through the good offices of Sir Stratford Canning; but in the meantime the Emperor had claimed a protectorate over the Christian subjects of Turkey. At that time Pan-Slavism, or the theory of ethnological sympathy between the Russian people and the Balkan races, had not been invented. The zeal of the Emperor for the Turkish rayahs was exclusively theological; and he demanded the right of protecting only their ecclesiastical privileges. Prince Menschikoff, having conducted his

\**Diplomatic Study on the Crimean War (1852 to 1856).* Russian Official Publication. 2 vols. London: Allen & Co. 1882.

mission in the most insulting form, was left without a grievance when Sir Stratford Canning had induced the Turks to concede his demands about the Jerusalem churches; yet, in obedience to his orders, he left Constantinople with the whole Embassy on the rejection of an ultimatum which would have transferred to Russia the Sultan's sovereignty over his Christian subjects. Many subsidiary causes affected the subsequent course of events. Lord Aberdeen's extravagant confidence in the Emperor and his avowed horror of war, Sir Stratford Canning's distaste for Russian usurpation and his extraordinary influence over the Turks, encouraged the pertinacity on either side which resulted in a final rupture; but the responsibility of the war primarily rests with the Emperor Nicholas. Prince Gortchakoff, as the interpreter of his sentiments, attributes the blame to Sir Stratford Canning, whom, by an odd coincidence with Mr. Kinglake, he calls "the terrible Ambassador." It is true that, but for Sir Stratford Canning, the Vienna Note would probably have been accepted by the Turks, as it had been previously approved by all the European Cabinets; but immediately afterwards Count Nesselrode, in a paper which, according to the official account, was published by mistake, gave the Note the same interpretation which had, perhaps under the influence of the English Ambassador, been attached to the document by the Porte. Only the extreme anxiety of all the Powers to avoid a war can explain their blindness to the substantial identity of the Vienna Note with Menschikoff's ultimatum. The essential clause was the engagement that the Sultan should "allow the Greek religion to enjoy with the most entire equality all the advantages granted to the other Christians, whether in virtue of treaties or in virtue of special stipulations." The "other Christians" were, with few exceptions, resident aliens, entitled to the benefit of the capitulations long since arranged with their respective Governments. The proposed clause would have placed the great majority of the Sultan's European subjects on the same footing with protected foreigners. The corresponding passage in Menschikoff's ultimatum provided that the Orthodox Eastern Church should "participate in the advantages granted to other Christian rites, as well as to the Foreign Legations accredited to the Sublime Porte by convention or by special arrangement." Nothing could be easier than to give an ecclesiastical character to any dispute between the Christian population and the Turkish Government. It is true that the Russian Ambassador declared that the Emperor had no political claims to urge; and his apologists now gravely contend that Menschikoff's main commission related to the controversy on the Holy Places, which was in fact settled without difficulty or delay. The Russian Government showed its sense of the importance of the proposed agreement by concealing its substance from the other Governments, when it gave an ostensible explanation of Prince Menschikoff's mission. The reserve was especially practised towards the English Ministers. Baron Brunnow communicated to Lord Aberdeen "the text of Prince Menschikoff's ostensible instructions . . . and the summary of our project of convention. Lord Aberdeen found them generally conciliatory and moderate, and promised to support them. But the information we gave him was incomplete, and such was already the disposition of the other English Ministers that our Ambassador did not venture to make the same communication to Lord Clarendon. . . . Lord Aberdeen alone had confidence in our intentions." The famous conversation with Sir Hamilton Seymour furnished a sufficient commentary on the Emperor's intentions. The reliance which was placed on Lord Aberdeen's weakness, and on his reticence to his own Foreign Minister, can have had few diplomatic precedents. It would have been far better for all parties that Lord Aberdeen should have been less credulous and Brunnow more candid.

The author of the *Diplomatic Study* censures the policy of Nicholas in occupying the Danubian principalities. It seems that the measure was a compromise between the Emperor's warlike designs and the pacific counsels of Count Nesselrode. In Prince Gortchakoff's opinion, the Russian army ought either to have remained within its own frontier or to have marched in force on Constantinople. It is certain that the occupation of the provinces operated, as long as it lasted, as a diversion in favour of the Allies, while it was a principal cause of the unfriendly attitude of Austria. The official apology furnishes abundant information as to the relations during the preliminary negotiations and the war between Russia and each of the four Powers. Prince Gortchakoff and his interpreter express on their own behalf nearly the same feelings which were entertained by the Emperor Nicholas at the time. The personal devotion of the King of Prussia and his kinsman and ally is recognized, not, perhaps, without a certain feeling of contempt. It is remarkable that both Prussia and the minor German Powers, while they were all friendly to the cause of Russia, uniformly declared that they must make common cause with Austria in the contingency of war between Austria and Russia. Writing in 1863, Prince Gortchakoff expresses an opinion that the union of Germany in a single State would be advantageous to the cause of European peace and to the interests of Russia. In a note afterwards appended he expresses a conventional and perhaps ironical hope that his former anticipations may be realized. The tortuous and uncertain policy of Napoleon III. in the earlier transactions is exposed with acuteness and severity; but it is no secret that the war created in Russia an almost exclusive feeling of resentment against England, and a belief that it would be comparatively easy to establish a political understanding with France. When peace was about to

be concluded, M. de Morny appears to have suggested to the Russian Government the possibility of afterwards retracting the concessions which were regarded as indispensable by the English Government. There is no doubt that, after the fall of Sebastopol, Napoleon III. ceased to desire the prosecution of the war, while the English nation were almost unanimous in the opinion that there ought to be another campaign. It now appears that the French Emperor proposed to transfer the seat of war to Poland, probably well assured of the refusal which was immediately returned by Lord Palmerston. The official writer speaks with a certain tenderness of Lord Aberdeen, and with little respect of the majority of his colleagues. His dislike and disapproval are mainly concentrated on Lord Palmerston and Sir Stratford Canning; but he is still more indignant with Austria than with England, and with Count Buol, the Austrian Prime Minister, than with any English statesman. A few years before the Emperor Nicholas had, by suppressing the Hungarian insurrection, rendered to Austria a service of the kind which is only appreciated by the benefactor. Some feeling of natural irritation probably aggravated the just suspicion with which Austrian politicians regarded the designs of Nicholas on Turkey. It is perhaps natural that in turn the Russian Foreign Office should exult in the misfortunes which Austria afterwards suffered in 1859 and 1866. The later alliance of Austria with the new German Empire is probably of all political combinations the most distasteful to Russia. It is remarkable that Lord Palmerston had no suspicion of the antagonism between Count Buol and the Russian Government. In a letter to Lord Aberdeen he objects to a proposed disclosure to the Austrian Government, on the ground that "Austria means Buol, and Buol means Meyendorff (the Russian Ambassador at Vienna), and Meyendorff means Nicholas." It has only been possible to notice a few isolated passages in the Russian official account. The work supplies valuable materials for history, especially as the statements which it contains are not likely to be accepted without careful scrutiny.

#### SHELLEY'S LETTERS.\*

**A**N old-fashioned commendation in the days that knew not postcards used to be that the person commanded could write a good letter. This faculty is now commonly regarded as extinct—an opinion which, without wishing to pose as optimists, we think entirely erroneous; dormant it may be, but extinct it is not and is not likely to be, for letter-writing is only very indirectly an art. In its less elaborate form it is almost as natural a performance as running or jumping, and in its more elaborate it is merely the application of the general literary faculty of the writer to that performance. As long, therefore, as man is man he will be able to write letters (although actually, and as a matter of fact, he may write postcards), and as long as there is any form of literature he will be able to apply the refinements of style and expression used in literature to letter-writing. It is in the unusual blending of nature and art that the interest of letters as letters consists, and it is this that makes them peculiarly fascinating. The accomplished letter-writer is seen in a kind of literary demi-toilet, neither slovenly nor oppressively fine. When he begins to write for publication, as Pope certainly did and as some other famous epistolers probably do, he loses great part of his legitimate attraction, and when he merely chronicles small beer in a slipshod fashion he neglects a great part of it.

Of the mean between these two extremes Shelley's letters are pretty certainly the most perfect example in English. Mr. Matthew Arnold's apparent preference of them to his poetry, which Mr. Garnett quotes, is one of those numerous utterances of Mr. Arnold's which, if they were wholly sincere, would be in the highest degree Philistine and uncritical, not to say silly, but which are doubtless intended as a kind of humorous paradox for the wise to take at their proper value and for the unwise to accept with characteristic reverence. Not only is such a result of the comparison intrinsically absurd, but the comparison itself is unnecessary and improper, the excellence of a letter being wholly incommensurable with the excellence of a poem. But Mr. Arnold was perfectly right in pronouncing Shelley's essays and letters delightful, and they have always been delighted in by competent readers. Mr. Garnett, therefore, has done very good service in giving a selection from them in the convenient and handsome form of Messrs. Kegan Paul's Parchment Library. It is, indeed, to be regretted that there is no complete collection in existence, Mr. Buxton Forman's in his edition of the prose works being, though very full, by no means entitled to the adjective complete. Indeed such a collection is not to be got together in print even by assembling all the books in which Shelley's letters have previously appeared. Mr. Garnett here prints six letters to Miss Hinchener which have previously appeared only in scanty extract, and he expressly says that his six are but samples of a much more extensive collection. We are under the impression that there are unpublished letters at Boscombe, and it is probable that there are others yet undiscovered. However, the actual amount of letters known is so considerable in quantity, and so varied in style and subject-matter, that it is doubtful whether any discovery or collection would make it in the literary sense more complete, while a sufficient proportion of it is merely unimportant and occa-

\* *Selected Letters of P. B. Shelley.* Edited by Richard Garnett. (Parchment Library.) London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1882.

sional to make a really representative selection judicious. To say that Mr. Garnett's selection is judicious and executed in the best manner is to say little more than that it is Mr. Garnett's. No one could combine a more thorough knowledge of books with a more intelligent love of them, a fuller acquaintance and greater enthusiasm as regards Shelley with a more complete freedom from the mere *Schäärerei* with which the subject has too often of late been approached. The brief introduction combines all necessary information of the bibliographical kind with a carefully proportioned modicum of exact and well-expressed criticism, and the notes are few but sufficient. But in such a book it is, of course, the text rather than the comment which is of interest, and to the text we shall confine ourselves.

The excellence of Shelley in the above-specified differentia of the letter-writer might be illustrated easily from his work, except that one would never be at the end of quotations. No one who possesses the most rudimentary faculty of literary appreciation can ever suspect him of writing to the gallery, or of even dimly thinking that a gallery is or may be present. Yet his work is full of the most finished literary and descriptive passages, which could hardly have been more elaborate if they had been written for the purpose of a great published book. The famous phrase "I am bathing myself in the light and odour of the flowery and starry Autos" occurs in a brief note to John Gisborne, which also contains a criticism of the last books of the Iliad, less often quoted, but even more elaborate in language. "The battle of the Scamander," he says, "the funeral of Patroclus, and the high and solemn close of the whole bloody tale in tenderness and inexplicable sorrow, are wrought in a manner incomparable with anything of the same kind." Taken by itself, and to a person ignorant of Shelley's letters as wholes, this might seem like "talking book." But it is not. Nothing can be further removed from that objectionable practice than Shelley's fashion of letter-writing. His passages of this kind are not in the least "red rags" in either the English or the Latin sense. They are woven into the stuff (often familiar enough) of the letters with perfect ease and nature. No incongruity is felt when one passes in about half a dozen lines from the two phrases just quoted to "kindest remembrances" and "faithfully yours." The art of this lies in the fact that there is no art at all. The man wrote just as he thought; and, as abrupt transitions of style and subject are common in thought, they are common in his letters. Indeed it might not be a bad definition of letter-writing that it is thinking on paper for the benefit of somebody else. The process would not make a good book; it makes admirable letters.

This extreme naturalness of manner, with the interest and variety of the subjects and the charm of the expression, make up the claim of Shelley's letters in English just as the same three things make that of Mme. de Sévigné's in French. But Mme. de Sévigné (perhaps because of the preponderance of letters to a single correspondent in her collection) hardly exhibits so many styles as Shelley does. His best known letters are doubtless those descriptive of Italy, written chiefly to Peacock, and certainly they are admirable enough. We have been flooded for the last thirty years with descriptive writing of the ornate kind, yet who has ever come near such things as Shelley's pictures of Pompeii or of the Villa Pliniana at Como, or a dozen others of the same kind? The extreme beauty and vividness of the representation is hardly more noteworthy than its sobriety. But these beautiful letters, though perhaps the most beautiful, are hardly the most interesting of the collection. If we had to fix on any one as the most interesting from the biographic-literary point of view, we think we should select the astonishing epistle to the editor of the *Quarterly Review*. Certainly no odder letter than this can ever have been received by the editor of a periodical since periodicals were, and that is a very bold word considering what the usual contents of an editor's letter-box are. Shelley begins by informing the editor that he is not writing about a "slanderous paper" which appeared in the *Review* concerning him (Shelley) shortly before. The "wretch who wrote it," the "despicable writer," &c., are phrases which diversify the first paragraph. Having begun in this conciliatory manner, he goes on to expostulate with Gifford for the article on Keats's *Endymion*, evidently without the least notion that a writer who has just accused the editor to whom he is writing of hiring desppicable wretches to attack himself is not exactly likely to be a *grata persona* in intercession for a third party. Finally, he sends a copy of *Hyperion*, that amends may be made for the earlier review by a fresh one. In any one else this extraordinary guilelessness and obedience to the impulses of the moment, even when those impulses lead in the most opposite directions, would be a proof of some mental deficiency. It is needless to say that it was not so with the author of *Prometheus Unbound*. But the peculiarity undoubtedly gives a remarkable piquancy to his letters.

The series to Miss Hitchens which Mr. Garnett has given is, as has been said, the chief novelty, though it is not so absolutely new as two others which appear here. One of these is a commission for a harp, evidently for Mrs. Williams. The other is a singularly interesting account of a visit to Allegra, the short-lived child of Byron and Claire Claremont. Some of this is worth quoting:—

To Mrs. SHELLEY.

Ravenna, 15th Aug., 1821.

I went the other day to see Allegra at her convent, and stayed with her about three hours. She is grown tall and slight for her age, and her face is somewhat altered. The traits have become more delicate, and she is much paler, probably from the effect of improper food. She yet retains the

beauty of her deep blue eyes and of her mouth, but she has a contemplative seriousness which, mixed with her excessive vivacity, which has not yet deserted her, has a very peculiar effect in a child. She is under very strict discipline, as may be observed from the immediate obedience she accords to the will of her attendants. This seems contrary to her nature, but I do not think it has been obtained at the expense of much severity. Her hair, scarcely darker than it was, is beautifully profuse, and hangs in large curls on her neck. She was prettily dressed in white muslin, and an apron of black silk, with trousers. Her light and airy figure and her graceful motions were a striking contrast to the other children there. She seemed a thing of a finer and a higher order. At first she was very shy, but after a little caressing, and especially after I had given her a gold chain which I had bought at Ravenna for her, she grew more familiar, and led me all over the garden, and all over the convent, running and skipping so fast that I could hardly keep up with her. She showed me her little bed, and the chair where she sat at dinner, and the carozzina in which she and her favourite companions drew each other along a walk in the garden. I had brought her a basket of sweetmeats, and before eating any of them she gave her companions and each of the nuns a portion. This is not much like the old Allegra. I asked her what I should say from her to her mamma, and she said:—

"Che mi manda un bacio e un bel vestituro."

"E come vuoi il vestituro sia fatto?"

"Tutto di seta e d'oro," was her reply.

Her predominant foible seems the love of distinction and vanity, and this is a plant which produces good or evil, according to the gardener's skill. I then asked her what I should say to papa? "Che venga farmi un visitino e che porta seco la *mammmina*." Before I went away she made run all over the convent, like a mad thing. The nuns, who were half in bed, were ordered to hide themselves, and on returning Allegra began ringing the bell which calls the nuns to assemble. The tocsin of the convent sounded, and it required all the efforts of the Prioress to prevent the spouses of God from rendering themselves, dressed or undressed, to the accustomed signal. Nobody scolded her for these *scappature*, so I suppose she is well treated, so far as temper is concerned. Her intellect is not much cultivated.

The Hitchener Letters, being of very early date, are of less literary value, but their biographical importance is very great. It has long been known that these letters contain Shelley's own account (written at the time) of the circumstances of his first marriage—circumstances which make subsequent events by no means hard to understand. It is clear from it that the unlucky Harriet threw herself at his head far more than would appear from Peacock's recollections of the accounts he heard of the matter. Much of the Letters is occupied with rather "young" philosophizing "Look at that flower. The blast of the North sweeps it," &c., with some interesting accounts of Southey, and with a notice of the negotiations for the proposed entail which Shelley objected to from the highest motives. Mr. Garnett says that the rest of the letters to Miss Hitchener relate chiefly to the Irish visit. It was not to be expected that he could find room for them; but it is certainly a pity that they should not, with others, be published as a supplement to Mr. Forman's large edition. Shelley's views on Ireland, though of course much coloured by his political prejudices, were far more practical than most of his views on political subjects, and the circumstances of their formation would have been worth knowing.

In conclusion, it need only be said that, among the very bulky, and in great part very worthless, mass of Shelley literature which has accumulated of late years, this little volume stands out most agreeably as a well-judged and well-executed attempt to show the man and his work with as much help, but as little interference, as an editor can give. There is not much work which to an intelligent reader requires less comment than Shelley's. There is hardly any over which the *ventosa et enormis loquacitas* of the present day has lavished more.

#### SKEAT'S ETYMOLOGICAL ENGLISH DICTIONARIES.\*

**M**R. SKEAT has completed, with praiseworthy diligence and speed, an undertaking for which even the most captious and grudging of critics will admit that he owes him a debt of gratitude. Persons who think that the value of such labours as those which Mr. Skeat has undergone is to be measured more by what has been actually done than by what is left undone, will feel that their sense of obligation to him can scarcely be expressed too warmly. Whether a perfect dictionary of the English language, as complete as Littré's mighty work in tracing the historical course of the meanings of French words, as rich in its illustrations from literature, and more systematic and exhaustive in its etymological method, may be looked for within the time of any man now living, we do not venture to say; but it is certain that Mr. Skeat's toil will have rendered the achievement of this great task vastly more easy, while it cannot fail to secure some immediate and not less necessary ends. A careful education is still needed for almost all persons in this country who deal with words; and a book which in every page smites the foolish notions still prevalent on the relation of languages and the origin of their vocabularies must be a potent instrument for such education.

The course which Mr. Skeat has marked out for himself is clear. Leaving to the proposed Dictionary of the Philological Society the task of tracing exhaustively the changes in the meaning of words, he has been content to trace the relation of genuine English words to words in cognate dialects and to the common speech from which all these dialects have sprung; and in the case of imported words he has given the precise channels through

\* An Etymological Dictionary of the English Language, arranged on an Historical Basis. By the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

A Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language. By the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

which they have passed before they were taken over into English use. Hence the definitions of words have been given, as he admits, in a brief and bald manner, only the more usual senses being indicated; but this is a matter of the less consequence, as in this portion of the lexicographer's task the better class of existing dictionaries are tolerably satisfactory. But no pains have been spared to ensure clearness in the relations and filiations of words, and it is not easy to see how this part of the work could be more successfully executed. In most dictionaries—that of Littré being not altogether an exception—the dialects through which a word has passed are given in no definite order, and in many instances in which a word has come into French, it may be, straight from the Latin, or from Latin through Italian, the forms which it assumes in a number of other Romance dialects are given between the French and the parent language, and may thus leave a false impression as to facts. For those who use Mr. Skeat's book such mistakes must be the result of mere perversity. The transmission of words is here signified by the sign —; their representatives in cognate languages are denoted by the sign +; and no one who is told that *Canopy* is F.—Ital.—L.—Gk., can fail to understand that there are three intermediate stages through every one of which the word has had to pass before it found its way into English. The other symbol has, in Mr. Skeat's words, "its usual algebraical value—i.e. plus or additional, and indicates additional information to be obtained from the comparison of cognate forms." But the book must do its best service by disabusing the average run of English scholars of some ideas which still cling to them even when they would be ready to admit their groundlessness; and the facts pointed out in the formula, "father + G. vater + L. pater + Gk. πατήρ + Sk. pitār," must effectually dissipate the belief that Sanskrit is older than Greek, or Latin older than German or English. It will teach them to look on all of them as brothers and sisters, their actual age being a matter to be determined by itself. The further question of the relations of words in cognate dialects is less easily dealt with, and in this country at least is a cause of more frequent and more serious blunders. Men who are quite well aware that English, Latin, and Greek are kindred forms of speech are often unable to see why they may not identify the English *care* with the Latin *cura* or the English *whole* with the Greek *ὅλος*. This comes of indifference to or ignorance of what is called Grimm's Law, a law which is nothing more than the statement of the conditions which regulate the forms assumed by words in cognate dialects. This law refers to all the constituents of the words, and not, as many even of the better informed seem to think, to the consonants only. Indeed Mr. Skeat would prefer to reverse the relative importance of vowels and consonants, the former being "the very life, the most essential part of the word," so that "the scientific student of the present day may hope to go right if he considers the consonants as being of great consequence and the vowels as all-important." It follows that the study of words cannot be regarded as child's play; and some may be tempted to ask who, if the conditions involved be such, is sufficient for these things? On the other hand, the suppression of guesswork must be a vast gain, as even they who have grown old in the habit will admit; and when we have marked and acknowledged that the speech of man is influenced by physical laws, we do but say, as Mr. Skeat insists, that they are influenced by the working of divine power; and that it is therefore possible to pursue the study of language in a spirit of reverence similar to that in which we "study what are called the works of nature."

It is enough to say that Mr. Skeat is a guide who may be followed with confidence; and he would be the last to wish that any should follow him blindly. As we might suppose, he is not satisfied with every portion of his work; and there are instances in which he modifies or withdraws previous statements or explanations. But in the vast majority of words his decisions, we cannot doubt, must be admitted as final. We have had pages or volumes of discussion on the word *grail*; and Mr. Skeat has elsewhere dealt with it at length. It is satisfactory to find the matter here brought within the compass of a few lines, and to be referred to his article in the English Cyclopaedia for proof that the true etymology was at an early period deliberately falsified by a change of *San Greal* into *Sang Real*, which, instead of meaning, as it should, Royal Blood, was perversely made to mean Real Blood. The history of the word speaks for itself. The O. Fr. *grail*, *grasal*, corresponds to the Low Lat. *gradale*, a corruption of *cratella*, a diminution of *crater*, a bowl. As to the true forms of what are called Aryan roots we feel less assured, and are tempted to think that assurance can never be looked for. In M. Bréal's opinion, it is beyond our power to determine whether the original form of the root for eating was *ad* or *da*, and nothing seems to be gained by treating the two forms as related to each other. Nor can we divest ourselves of doubts when words which must be primitive, if any words are such, are referred to roots the derivatives of which seem to point to conditions of society by no means the earliest. We are so convinced of the folly of ascribing a priority to Sanskrit or Greek over the Teutonic languages that we might regret an order which, in spite of the + sign, half implies an ascending scale between English and Sanskrit; but we have no reluctance in referring *father*, *fadar*, *πατήρ*, and the rest, to a root *pa*, to protect, nourish, with suffix -tar of the agent. The case, however, is somewhat altered when we read that all the cognate forms of *mother* are formed with this same suffix from the root *ma*, originally "to measure." Mr. Skeat adds that "it is not certain in what sense *ma* is here to be taken"; but he thinks it most likely that it was in the sense "to regulate" or "to manage," in which case the mother

may be regarded as the "manager" of the household. This is, we confess, beyond our powers of belief. In the first place, the notion and the word *mother* must have long preceded the idea or the institution of any household; in the next, we find it difficult, if not impossible, to convince ourselves that when the word for *father* conveys a meaning which would commend itself to the mind of the youngest child—nay, rather, the meaning which the child would wish to express with such utterance as infancy might render possible—the word for *mother* should denote a cold philosophical inference from the economical arrangements of a comparatively late age. The question is whether these words point to the language of infancy and belong to it, or whether they do not; and we have to ask why these two words should be severed absolutely from the child's expressions for the same objects—namely, *papa* and *mama*. Now, under the heading *papa*, which is said to be a child's word for father (and we do not see why, with the title of the occupant of St. Peter's chair or with that of the Orthodox clergy before us, we should confine it to children only), Mr. Skeat says:—"It is probable that the √PA, to nourish, whence Lat. pa-ter and E. fa-ther, owes its origin to the same infantive sound." Must we not then suppose that the root for *mother* must belong to the same class of infantive sounds? and are we to believe that the infant would before all other notions look on its mother as the measurer or manager of a household? Of the two, the word for mother, if it be infantive at all, must be the older. Except in some very odd states of society, the child's knowledge of its mother must precede that of the father, and in the earliest stages the latter would probably be of very slow growth, as sometimes it might not be attained at all. Like *papa*, we have *mama* running through many dialects; and Mr. Skeat holds, no doubt rightly, that, although "we have no evidence against the borrowing of the word from the French, still it was, most likely, not so borrowed." But under *mammalia* we read:—

There is a doubt whether the word is the same as the Lat. *mamma*: if it is we may consider it of infantive origin. Otherwise we may connect it with Gr. μαῖός, μαῖτός, the breast, from √MAD, "to be wet."

Why should the distinction be drawn? The infantive sound might as easily become a root denoting the breast and all other objects to which it may be applied, as a like sound might serve the same purpose for the designation of father and the whole range of words which, like father, denote the ideas of fostering, cherishing, and so of ruling or governing. We cannot stifle a like doubt with reference to the much-debated question of the relationship of the adjectives denoting goodness to the noun which serves as the name of Him who is goodness itself. Under the word *God*, Mr. Skeat speaks of the word as "of unknown origin, quite distinct and separate from good, with which it has often been conjecturally connected." He refers, of course, to Professor Max Müller, and, indeed, to establish the distinction between the words there is no need to refer to him or to any one else. The several forms run in parallel lines in the various Aryan dialects in which they are found at all. The fact of their so running cannot be disputed; the question is, whether this fact warrants the inference that they cannot be traced back to one central point. It is, of course, possible that evidence may not be forthcoming, and yet there may be good grounds for thinking that they are after all connected. What is called the law of *tabu* would go a long way towards explaining it; and the state of mind which had its expression in *tabu* is by no means confined to the Eastern or Polynesian world. If the same root could furnish two forms, each denoting goodness (and that it could do so is certain), then the limitation of one of these forms as a name of the Great Father of all is just what we might expect; and, in truth, if the word were used as a common predicate for a multitude of objects, it is obvious that it could never serve as a distinctive name for any one of them. The presumption, therefore, remains that, by using the name God, or its kindred forms, the Aryan tribes did mean to express something like the ideas which we express when we speak of goodness.

Such objections to minor details in Mr. Skeat's work do not amount to much; but in him, as well as in Professor Max Müller, we have occasionally to regret a certain dogmatism which seems beyond what the circumstances of the case warrant, and which sometimes, as we suspect, closes the way against researches in tracks which might be followed not without advantage. Of Mr. Skeat's work as a whole it would be impertinent to speak in terms of mere praise. His larger dictionary has established his title to the gratitude of all scholars; and of his smaller dictionary we can only say that it is not less useful and valuable. Both must be most powerful instruments in furthering the great purpose to which Mr. Skeat has devoted years of toil and thought.

#### SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.\*

**I**T would be impossible to mention the late Sir Archibald Alison without respect, or to speak otherwise than with tenderness of the desire to fulfil his own wish that his memoirs of himself should be laid before the public. It can, however, scarcely be affirmed that the memorial thus provided by his own hands will add to its author's reputation. It sets forth at length the details of that which was already known to have been an honourable,

\* *Some Account of My Life and Writings: an Autobiography by the late Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., D.C.L.* Edited by his Daughter-in-Law, Lady Alison. Blackwood & Sons. 1882.

useful, and successful career; but the points of individual character and the matters of private interest exhibited are not of a nature to entitle these volumes to take rank as a valuable addition to the existing store of memoirs, a class of writing which is apt to be either very fascinating or to be rather the reverse. The style adopted is that of the pompous historian of public events, and not that of the easy and familiar narrator of the anecdotes and private experiences which generally give to an autobiography its chief charm. It is clear enough, however, that to the writer a life of so much success and of so much gratified vanity must have been a happy one, and deservedly so. The success was the proper result of ability and industry; and, after all, personal vanity of a genial kind may afford as much pleasure to a man's surroundings as to himself. It is, indeed, almost an absolute virtue as compared with a morose and cynical self-esteem.

Born just a decade short of a century ago, and the son of a clergymen of the Church of England of easy means, well known as the author of *Alison on Taste*, the life of the future Sir Archibald commenced, and was continued with many advantages. There was a good Scottish ancestry, and Gregory the mathematician, and the most famous of a celebrated family, was a great-great-grandfather on the mother's side. Dr. Reid also was a collateral connexion, whom until recently no one would have hesitated to designate as a metaphysician, but whom it may perhaps now be thought more correct to call "philosopher." The father came from Glasgow University to Balliol, leaving the companionship of Dugald Stewart for that of the then young Sir William Jones and Dr. Matthew Baillie at Oxford. He was afterwards incumbent of Kenley, in Shropshire; and it was here that, according to the delightful old phrase, repeated by Sir Archibald, "he hailed the French Revolution," with the subsequent effect upon his political principles and those of his family which seems always to have followed that proceeding. In 1800 he migrated to Edinburgh, to take charge of an Episcopal congregation; and thenceforth Scotland became the home of himself and his children. Sir Archibald naturally received his public education at the University of Edinburgh, and developed a taste for extensive reading and multiplied accomplishments such as is seldom found associated with well-digested knowledge or exact habits of thought. His account of his reading, by way of relaxation, after his legal studies had begun, is indeed prodigious, and affords an example rather to be avoided than imitated. He would read every day Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and English, taken in the form of a hundred lines or so of Homer, half a book of a Roman historian or of Virgil, half a canto of Tasso or Ariosto, a few chapters of Mme. de Staél, Chateaubriand, or Voltaire, and fifty pages of Gibbon, Robertson, or Hume. This amount of miscellaneous literature he found it easy to combine with two hours daily of law, as much of drawing; and the like amount of exercise on foot or riding. Such variety and quantity of mental food brings to mind an old story of the physician and a dyspeptic patient, who was with difficulty persuaded that he was in the habit of eating and drinking a trifle too much by having it prescribed to him to place an equivalent specimen of all the solids and liquids consumed by him at dinner into a pail by his side, and then to see what the mess looked like, and consider what chance his unfortunate stomach could have of getting the better of it.

In 1814 Alison enjoyed the opportunity of visiting Paris under very favourable circumstances of introduction, from which he did not fail to extract present and future profit. In the same year he was called to the Bar in Scotland, and entered upon a professional career, which, if one of hard work during the session of the Courts, was blessed with nearly seven months of annual vacation. He soon saved fees enough for the indulgence of a Continental tour—at that time an event in life, not quite so familiar as Cook, Gaze, and other enterprising promoters have since rendered it. The descriptions of scenery in Switzerland and of other places may have merit, but why should they be now printed? Alison seems to have tried his hand with the Edinburgh Whig set, at the head of which was Jeffrey. At that time, as he says, he was known to incline to the Liberal side, and attempts were made to gain him to their party. He did not like them, or care to get on with them, because they were too exclusive and thought too much of themselves—a fault which he admits was forced upon them by their long exile under Tory Government from political power and patronage. The amusing remark follows that the object of the Tory party for the last thirty years had been to select not the ablest, but the most accommodating, men for promotion; and this is further said to be always the inherent vice of aristocratic government. "Pliant ability is what it desires." Did it occur to Sir Archibald when he wrote this, to consider whether his estimate of the qualities sought for in persons promoted and honoured by Tory Governments was to be considered as in force during the next following thirty years?

The account of a breakfast with Jeffrey and Mackintosh, in which their powers of talking are admitted, leads to the unpatriotic remark that conversational talent is almost unknown in Scotland, which must be left for digestion, as well as may be, by Sir Archibald's fellow-countrymen. Even Scott was not a converser, but only an incomparable teller of stories. There was, however, in Edinburgh a society of young men, chiefly belonging to the legal profession, who seem to have formed a set of their own to avoid what is described as the unintellectual pride of the aristocratic Tories and the supercilious arrogance of the exclusive Whigs. Some afterwards distinguished lawyers belonged to it, and it was also frequented by Lockhart and Wilson; but it was

not good enough to attract the affection of the future great man, who was reserved to shine in the fashionable society of London, and to be a favoured guest in country houses both in Scotland and England.

A visit to Ireland, together with previous travel in Italy, led to the writing by Alison of the articles on those countries in the Supplement to the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*. Some intercourse with Byron at Venice in 1818 awakens the hope of unusual interest in the biography, but fails to satisfy expectation; for there is no life in the sketch of him, and the usual commonplaces are repeated without any sense of their extremely ordinary character. The same feeling of want of originality and absence of authority on the writer's part to make the comments put forth on poetry and art afflicts the reader when he has to accompany the author to Florence and Rome. At the last place there was a supper at Canova's, with Sir Humphry and Lady Davy and Captain Basil Hall, and this is said to have been one of the occasions such as rarely occur in a lifetime. Yet little is recorded to explain why it was so, although a page is devoted to what Sir Archibald himself said and thought on this memorable evening.

In the following year Alison joined a regiment of infantry Volunteers, and also the Midlothian Yeomanry Cavalry. Gibbon's well-known saying is quoted that he found his campaigns with the Hampshire Militia of great use when he came to describe the exploits of the Roman Legions; and Sir Archibald modestly acknowledges the equal obligations he was himself under to his own military services in enabling him to understand and become the historian of the battles of Napoleon and Wellington. After eight years of practice at the Bar, Alison was appointed an Advocate-Depute by the then Lord Advocate, Sir William Rae, with the promise of recommendation for the office of Solicitor-General on the next vacancy. The duties were heavy and responsible, and the able manner in which they were discharged afterwards led to further promotion, although not in the line then contemplated. Acquaintance was now made with Miss Edgeworth, and the description given of her is as deficient in lifelike portraiture as are the other attempts at presentation of personal character in the book. A few felicitous words from the pen of a writer of perceptive genius will do more to convey an accurate impression in this way than whole pages of laboured description from another who is not so fortunate as to possess it. It is strange criticism, too, which speaks of Miss Edgeworth's evident superiority to Miss Burney as a novelist, but places her below G. P. R. James.

The voluminous History of Europe during the French Revolution was begun in 1829, and the manner in which it was written, under the pressure of professional engagements, and with little access to authorities except such as were provided by the formation of a large private library, supplies a remarkable proof of the indomitable industry and power of work which belonged to Alison. Of its permanent value it is not necessary now to speak. It is sufficient to say that it supplied a want, and usefully, if not altogether admirably, filled a vacant space, and furnished the information for which there naturally existed a general desire. To its author it ultimately brought notability and substantial profit.

In 1830 Alison was still an Advocate-Depute, but was displaced from that office by the accession of the Whig Government in that year. Constant contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*, on historical and political subjects, helped to occupy the increased leisure of the succeeding four years. In 1834 Alison accepted the important post of Sheriff of Lanarkshire, which he held with much credit for many years. In discharging the duties of a place which combines both judicial and executive functions, he showed talents and courage to which was largely due the preservation of the peace of the district under his charge on more than one occasion of critical danger. As a judge he assumes that he provoked the envy of the Courts at Edinburgh by the amount of civil business attracted to the tribunal over which he presided; and as chief of the executive power in his county, he intimates that he was better fitted to decide than the Government of the day what should be done when political agitation was assuming formidable proportions. As sheriff, Alison occupied an important position in many ways in Glasgow, and took a leading part on most public occasions. The appearance of Dickens at a great entertainment leads to a remarkable piece of criticism, in which Alison explains that he never had any taste for novels of middle and low life, which, as he observes, can always be studied by going into the second-class of a railway train or the cabin of a steamboat. He is, however, so good as to admit the great talents of the author of *Pickwick*, and to regret that they were not better employed, and in the production of works for which durable fame could be anticipated.

Pope is not mentioned as one of Alison's favourite authors; but it may be supposed that the citation made of the "greatest, best, and wisest of mankind" is intended to represent his well-known line on Bacon; and it is curious that such a vulgar blunder of misquotation should have been committed by a writer of so much literary pretension. In 1851 occurred the honour of his election as Lord Rector of Glasgow University, and on Lord Derby's first advent to office he was created a baronet, as an acknowledgment of his political services in the Conservative cause. This elevation in rank was followed by some social distinctions of a more private nature. He was invited to join the "Literary Club," one of the many dining societies of London; but he is mistaken in supposing this body to be the continuation of Dr. Johnson's well-

known club, which still flourishes under its original name of "The Club." He also became a member of the Athenaeum; but it is not clear what he means by having been elected "by acclamation." Alison was now a good deal in London, and was present at the Duke of Wellington's funeral, which elicits the now almost incredible statement that at that time Woolwich was unable to furnish seventeen guns to give the proper salute over the grave of a field-marshall.

The defence of slavery, as an unavoidable part of the system of nature in certain climates and with certain races, forms a noteworthy blot in the general humanity and average good sense of Alison's views. He believed that in the tropics compulsory labour is the condition of national existence, and (still more wonderful) of social progress; and that mitigation of the evils of so ancient an institution as slavery should be resorted to rather than its abolition attempted.

A long and meritorious life was terminated in 1867. Few men have done more professional, political, and literary work than the late Sir Archibald Alison.\*

#### GUJARAT AND THE GUJARATIS.\*

THIS book ought to be a sad blow to those who are perpetually telling us that English education in India is certain some day to produce marvellous results. We refer to the class that expects some original and striking native work when English ideas have once been fairly grafted on the Oriental stock, or when the oak and the mango-tree have had time to grow side by side in the same plain. Of originality in *Gujarat and the Gujaratis* there is not a trace. Although a native may be credited with a correct knowledge of the social and religious practices of his countrymen, and is not likely to blunder in the description of a marriage ceremony or a village festival, yet the whole framework and colouring is essentially English, or, as it is sometimes termed, Occidental as opposed to Oriental. The illustrations are taken from English scenes and the quotations from English writers. The phraseology is that of the current journalistic literature of our own country. Possibly this may be accounted for by the training of the author himself. At sixteen he began to coach pupils, and shortly afterwards became joint-editor of a weekly paper written in English. He is familiar with Hindu classical writers only through the medium of translations. Not that this deficiency in solid Oriental learning causes him the smallest trepidation when he has to pronounce judgment on a national poem, for he confidently declares the Ramayana to be as superior to any product of European genius as the sun is to the moon. And before Rama and Sita, "two beings of exquisite grace," the works of such literary giants as Homer and Firdusi—including of course the pictures of Andromache, Hector, Achilles, and the rest of them—must "look mean and distorted." This is pretty well for a gentleman who admits that he has read the Iliad and the Shahnameh and other "masterpieces of human thought," but not in the original, and that he tried to master the conjugations in Sanskrit, but gave it up when his first child was born, because its cries disturbed him at work.

We have something to say about the patron who has introduced this ambitious compilation to the public. We find no fault with the dedication to Mr. Gibbs, a distinguished member of the Bombay Civil Service and now a member of the Viceregal Council of India. It speaks well for the gratitude of the writer. But the preface contains one or two very questionable statements. Mr. Eastwick, who writes this preface himself, is a scholar, an ex-M.P., and a traveller. He has seen and written much, and he has some previous connexion with the Civil Service of India. We should like to know on what grounds he has formed the opinion that the English Judges were the most frequent victims in the Indian Mutiny because in India the law's delay was felt as an intolerable grievance. We quite agree that the natives are occasionally perplexed and dismayed by a rapid succession of new laws; that they complain of emendations in a new code of procedure which they have only just found time to master; that there seems to be no finality in the law relating to immovable property or to that which settles the rights of landlord and tenant; and that even codification, with its solid benefits, proceeds for them at far too great speed. But delay in the conduct and preparation of civil cases is often in India due quite as much to the plaintiff and defendant and their legal advisers as to the obstructions of procedure and the apathy of the judge. It may even be said that many litigants rather like a good, sound, protracted dispute about caste, or boundaries, or ejectment, with a chance of mesne profits, and are in no hurry to terminate it. It ministers to excitement and gives the richest man an advantage over his neighbour. As regards the Mutiny, the English Judge and the English Magistrate were struck down simply because they were the symbols of an authority whose turn to be overthrown had, in the popular mind, come fairly round by the course of events and the cycle of destiny. They were not shot because suit No. 219 had been pending more than six months or a year on their files. In many districts there were none but Magistrates, Collectors, and Judges to be shot or hacked to pieces, and Mr. Eastwick's comment

betrays an amusing ignorance of the events of 1857 as well as of the constitution of the official hierarchy.

A more serious misstatement is Mr. Eastwick's assertion that "very few Englishmen have sufficient knowledge of any Indian language to converse with Indians with ease and fluency." Does Mr. Eastwick seriously mean to tell us that when he travelled in India to collect materials for his Handbook, he did not meet with or hear of numerous officials who could discourse most fluently with natives of all ranks in Telugu, Canarese, or Tamil at Madras; in Mahratta and Gujarati at Bombay; in Bengali at Calcutta, and in Urdu all over Upper India? For the last thirty years the examinations, not merely in the classical books but in the vernacular and colloquial standards of each province in the Empire, have been so strict that it is impossible for any civilian to be placed in charge of a district or a subdivision who has not passed the prescribed tests. There are, of course, degrees of proficiency amongst a class of which some take honours while others scramble through the first and second standards. One man easily masters the different pronunciations of the letter *t* or the letter *d* when they have four dots and when they have not. Another scrapes the top of his palate, like a Moulavi from Lucknow or M. Jourdain himself, as he gives out the sound of the Persian *gh*. A third lays in a stock of elegant and complimentary phrases, and delights a Mohammedan gentleman by a couplet from the Gulistan, brought in with appropriateness in a morning call. A fourth does not trouble himself with these ornate superfluities, but gets on somehow very well with rustics and village elders when he talks to them about the crops and the cattle, the last Settlement of the revenue, the new embankment, or the new road. If Mr. Eastwick had contented himself with urging that a resident in India may be very well up in one set of topics, and be at fault when suddenly put to converse on another, we should have agreed with him. A Magistrate familiar with the jargon of the Courts, with all the sub-infeudations of the Decennial Settlement, and with the names and prices of every article in a huge bazaar, might be at a loss how to express himself if suddenly called on to explain to a native convert the doctrine of original sin or the Roman Catholic belief in transubstantiation. And a missionary, ready to harangue a crowd for an hour together on these deep and difficult subjects, might, on the other hand, be brought to a standstill when asked to explain all the terms used by an *amin* or valuator who had been sent to fix the "judicial rents," or the report of a subordinate in the Executive Engineer's department on the structure of a rickety bridge. Yet there are no riper or better scholars and speakers than many of the missionaries, nor are men to be found more versed in rustic dialects, and even thieves' slang, than Settlement Officers and Magistrates of the Civil Service. Mr. Eastwick should have known better than to repeat a silly cry about the want of what is really one of the primary and indispensable qualifications for active and efficient service. The danger in India is not that Englishmen should fail to master the vernacular, but that young natives who take to journalism at an age when they ought to be whipped at school should devote themselves exclusively to the English language and literature and forget their own. Persian is far too much neglected by the rising generation of native lawyers; and we have known several natives who could write a more correct letter in English than in Bengali or Urdu.

Mr. Eastwick would have done better with this schoolboy production had he cut down the number of stock quotations, excised several injudicious remarks, and corrected a few mistakes. Such phrases as "a glum bit of stone work," "his dignity is stunning," "glum atrocities," are neither Gujarati nor English. *Gulab-dass* is not "a slave of the rose," as Mr. Eastwick must be perfectly well aware, but a slave of rose-water. The epithet *Dharmi* may be explained as "charitable," but it is more properly religious, though a man of that turn of mind amongst Hindus usually does prove his religion by feeding the poor, giving money to Brahmins, digging reservoirs for pure water, and generally doing charitable works. *Jagirs* are very imperfectly rendered as "landed estates." A *jagir*, it is well known, is a landed estate granted for services military or civil, or to support an establishment, or as a personal pension. It is often resumable on the death of the grantee, though it may be continued to his heir. At page 156 there is a gross piece of flippancy about a deathbed scene and the Angel Gabriel, on the occasion of which Mr. Eastwick should have insisted; and the description at page 230 and following of what is gravely called an "Aryan Idyl" is a sheer piece of indecency. For the strange marriage customs of a certain class of Kunbis in Gujarat the author is not to blame. The betrothal of a child still, as the lawyers phrase it, *en ventre sa mère*, to another in exactly the same situation, is a ceremony which could only occur to Hindus as right and proper; and it is perhaps as well that the decency of Englishmen and Englishwomen should suffer a slight shock in order that they may see the sort of nastiness which Hindu superstition scatters plentifully over the most solemn and sacred events in life.

We are really sorry to have to speak thus sharply about the production of a native gentleman who has written better things, and who, as an editor, aspires to be a guide and reformer of some section of his countrymen. No one would for a moment compare this book with the *Ras Mala* of the late Mr. Kinloch Forbes on this same province of Gujarat; and it is fair to say that the whole of these three hundred pages is not made up of hackneyed quotations and questionable scenes. Still, a good deal does not rise above the level of a mere tourist's description of strange lands written for the Saturday issue of an Anglo-Indian weekly paper.

\* *Gujarat and the Gujaratis: Pictures of Men and Manners taken from Life.* By Behramji M. Malabarji, Author of "The Indian Muse in English Garb," "Pleasures of Morality," "Wilson-Virah," &c. Editor of the "Indian Spectator," Bombay. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1882.

It is creditable to the author that he has a good word to say for the missionaries, and for several members of the Civil Service whose names are only veiled by a thin disguise. There are, too, some facts worth notice about Baroda; its administration under Sir Madhava Rao, which deserves imitation by other native financiers; and its flights of elephants and buffaloes, which deserve nothing except to be put down. It is high time that Gaikwars and Nawabs and Rajas generally should be plainly told that the Agent to the Governor-General will not lend his countenance to these scenes, and that peers, members of Parliament, and independent gentlemen "doing India" must be left to fill their note-books and diaries with something better than a sort of Eastern tauromachy. At p. 161 we find a notice of one of the aboriginal tribes of the Western Presidency; but all that can be made out is that male Lalas makes a good servant, and that the females are remarkable for a good physique. Of their supposed origin, dialect, manners, mode of worship, there is not one syllable. In the chapter on the village barber there is nothing very striking. Like those of his profession elsewhere, the Hajjam is great gossip; but we rather think we have heard of this characteristic already. In the scene in a Small Cause Court—a tribunal answering to our County Courts—the judge, we are told, assumed the double part of judge and counsel, with considerable benefit to the due elucidation of the truth. Strange as it may seem to English ears, a judge in India is constantly compelled to play many parts; to see that the issues are properly drawn, that the case for both sides is put in the clearest light, that the right witnesses are brought into Court though plaintiff or defendant, or both, do their utmost to keep such persons away, and that the suit itself neither dies of inanition nor is overlaid with irrelevant testimony. The picture of the Aghori mendicant, however repulsive, is by no means overdrawn. The imaginary ghoul of the *Arabian Nights* is scarcely more horrible than this being, who never washes, lives on foul meat, and cuts himself with knives like a priest of Baal. The concluding pages about the holidays observed in Gujarat by Parsees, Mohammedans, and Hindus, though full of technicalities, are perhaps the best in the book, but we question whether any of it contributes much to our knowledge of the social life of the natives, or whether more information is not to be found in many an official report of some energetic Collector or Magistrate who understands how to probe the brains of natives, and to collate, compare, prune, and condense his knowledge.

#### A GIRL'S DESTINY.\*

**I**F the public demand a certain number of novels every year, it is well that there are people able and willing to write harmless, commonplace, readable stories for harmless, commonplace story-readers. *A Girl's Destiny* is a rather favourable specimen of this class. It may safely be ordered from Mudie's by the most careful British mother, and given to the girls without being first read by mamma. True, it contains all the elements of a sensational novel, but only in the same way that a potato can be said to contain poison. There is a secret marriage, a lost will, a villain, an actress, and a convicted felon; but the secret marriage is speedily acknowledged, and turns out happily, the will is found in a photographic album, the actress is perfectly respectable, the villain tries to make restitution, and the felon proves innocent. What more could the most exacting moralist require? The principal character certainly assumes a false name, and is known at different periods as Templeton, Brennan, and Englefield; but then there are amply extenuating circumstances for this breach of the proprieties. The actress is unfortunately separated from her husband, but she takes up her abode in the depths of the country, with a stupid and nearly deaf, but highly respectable female companion. The hero's mother wishes to burn the obnoxious will, but she is not allowed to do so. It must therefore be acknowledged that the author, in the most praiseworthy manner, refuses to take advantage of the elaborate plot she has devised to produce what is called a sensational novel. Perhaps she deserves to be read on this account. But it must be confessed that *A Girl's Destiny* does not show any power beyond that of a facile, light way of telling a rather uninteresting story. There is no character which arouses the slightest interest. One feels inclined to lay the book down at the second chapter, and there is no temptation to turn to the last to find out what becomes of persons whom in society one would be inclined to designate as bores. The best praise we can give is that the novel is not vulgar, and is perfectly harmless.

Dione, the heroine, belongs to the type Thackeray loved in young women. She is tall and handsome, without being a universally acknowledged beauty; simple, but only called stupid by her reluctant mother-in-law; frankly gay, but never boisterously mirthful; submissive to parental authority, except in the matter of choosing her own lover and sticking to him in a mild but determinedly persistent manner. The description of her solitary girlhood, lonely because her father, who is her only companion, is engrossed in literary work, is a well-drawn picture, very true to life. She endeavours to be intensely interested in his proof-sheets, tries to be content to live in dreary lodgings, to do without society, and "to stifle the vague yearnings that beset a girl's heart." Nevertheless she is often weary and depressed, and cannot help wishing

she were a boy, and could escape from her narrow surroundings. Like all young creatures, she thinks it must be a fine thing to battle with the world all alone. But these discontents are unexpressed, for she knows that her father's early life has been full of sorrow, and that it is now almost overburdened with hard work. At nineteen a change comes in the family fortunes. A very distant relative dies, and they inherit a large country place, to which they remove. The property is heavily encumbered, so Mr. Englefield has to work even harder than ever to try and pay off the mortgages. In many ways they are no happier than during their days of obscurity and poverty. In the country Dione is more lonely, if possible, than in the dingy London lodgings. At first the gardens and the woods seemed a paradise, but even the Garden of Eden required two to make it pleasant, and our heroine has no associate but her dog Tricksy, who, though devoted and intelligent, is scarcely all she requires to make the long summer days go by without ennui. She cannot shoot, and there is no one to play lawn-tennis with her. There are a few neighbours, but they live at great distances and are not particularly attractive. Dione tries to get interested in the poor people, but fails signally; their ways and manners disgust her, and the district visitors do not relish her interference. She hates the old servants, particularly the stately butler, whose constant attention at meal-times prevents her from being able to talk freely to her father. These rare unoccupied half-hours have hitherto been the pleasure to which she looked forward all day, and she resents their loss. Dione wonders how the people in story-books are always meeting with delightful adventures, while the men and women she meets look "as if nothing had ever happened to them, or as if nothing ever could happen to them."

But at last the inevitable Prince, who always appears sooner or later to waken a pretty girl from her beauty sleep, comes riding by, and the heroine is not unwilling to return the admiring glances of his frank blue eyes. Alton Cadogan is a soldier who has won the Victoria Cross. All soldiers in novels win the Victoria Cross. He is handsome and rich, heart-whole and susceptible, so his lovemaking ought to run on wheels. But where would be the use of writing a novel if there was nothing to chronicle but a few silly speeches, blushes, kisses, and a proposal, winding up with a catalogue of the wedding presents and a list of the bridesmaids? The author is now obliged to make use of her plot to produce the inevitable difficulties necessary to make a novel extend to three volumes. Mr. Englefield has been in early days the victim of treachery of so base a kind on the part of a friend as to be unpardonable, and Alton Cadogan is of course the son of the villain of the piece. Dione's falling in love is prettily told. The days become more pleasant, the sunshine more softly bright, the old house no longer dreary, and even Rivers, the butler, begins to be endurable. Mr. Englefield is obliged to go to town on business, and while he is away the chance acquaintance made by the young people ripens into a tenderer feeling on both sides, and poor Dione is little prepared for her father's stern disapproval when he returns and finds that she has become attached to the man of all others from whom he would have wished to keep her apart. Never before had he spoken an angry word to his beloved daughter and companion, but now he is bitter and inexorable, and she is miserable. Mr. Englefield decides to take her to Paris. At any other time such a trip would have filled her with delight, but now she makes her preparations in languid and almost tearful manner. Other troubles come also. She has a scapergrace brother who suddenly appears, and her lover, not being aware of his existence, is witness to an amount of affectionate familiarity between his beloved and a handsome young man of which he naturally much disapproves. This misapprehension is, however, cleared up sooner than one has any right to expect, and Dione goes to Paris, at least assured of her lover's affection. Captain Cadogan is a simple, manly fellow, who knows what he wants, and is perfectly determined to get it if he can. When Mr. Englefield tells him the fatal secret which he thinks ought to make him at once retire from the field, Alton refuses to see in it any cause for withdrawing his pretensions. That Mr. Cadogan senior should have injured Mr. Englefield's prospects in life is only the more reason why he should try to atone for the wrong by making Dione a pattern husband. With great good sense he packs his portmanteau and starts for Paris. Meantime Dione has been trying, like an amiable girl, to enjoy all the amusements provided for her; but her cheeks grow pale, and her eyes droop. Not even the marked attentions of a fabulously rich Russian prince can bring back her old childish gaiety. Amongst Frenchwomen she can pose as a beauty; but, strange to say, she derives no pleasure from the fact. Indeed she goes so far as to faint when Mr. Englefield talks of letting Catherine and remaining abroad for some time longer. However, when trying to enjoy a beautiful ball given in honour of an Oriental potentate, she finds suddenly that her hands are resting clasped in those of her lover. There is no need to try to enjoy anything now; the time is only too short until the remorseless father discovers what is going on and buries her away. Captain Cadogan behaves with perfect coolness and good temper, insists he has a clear right to press his suit in season and out of season, and the utmost concession he will make is to assure Mr. Englefield that he has no doubt Dione will marry him the moment she comes of age. Calm persistence is perhaps the most valuable quality a lover can have, whether in regard to the lady or the lady's family; so it is not surprising that Alton carries his point against all objectors. The last chapter, "Never, for Ever," leaves the heroine gazing in rapturous happiness at her bright wedding-ring and looking

\* *A Girl's Destiny: a Love Story.* By E. C. Clayton (Mrs. Needham). 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1882.

picturesque in a dark blue-velvet travelling-dress, with soft lace ruffles.

Mrs. Cadogan, the hero's mother, is a commonplace character fairly well carried out. She is cold and severe in aspect, with the remains of a hard handedness which wears well. She supposes herself to be very pious because she is stupid and unemotional. Proud of her son, she has yet treated him almost like a stranger, except in the matter of constantly finding fault. Of course being professedly religious, and really not so, she is ambitious and worldly, and cannot brook the idea of her son marrying what she considers a nobody. Shut up in herself and her narrow surroundings, she has no sympathy with anything outside her avenue gates. She makes the acquaintance of an actress, thinking her to be a person of family and fortune, and when she finds out her mistake is in an agony of horror and distress amusing to contemplate. Never having cared for any one but herself she has no friends, no interests, no resources to make her life happy, and is reduced to gossiping with her maid to while away the tedious hours. This maid, Mrs. Oranch, is one of the few amusing people in the book. Her views on hereditary honours will suffice to illustrate her character:—

"People don't leave titles, man, it's against the law, and very properly, too, for it would be a terrible thing if such vain gewgaws could be handed about. It is bad enough to have it handed down from father to son; it's like the way some people have heraldry diseases in their families, such as madness, and that. Vile dress is bad enough, goodness knows; but while we wander in this Vale of Tears we can't do without money."

Empty, self-opinionated, and inexpressibly dreary to live with, Mrs. Cadogan belongs to the type of mother who never has any real influence with her children, though she rules them with a rod of iron when she has the chance. From such beings unmarried daughters suffer in a way which it is hard for their brothers to understand. Nothing is more crushing than from childhood to middle age to be at the mercy of such a woman as Mrs. Cadogan. Yet such women are to be met with every day, obscuring in their households the little sunshine there is in life, creating an atmosphere of dull, hopeless discomfort. The question remains—Is it worth while to make a book about such people?

#### THE MODERN SPORTSMAN'S GUN AND RIFLE.\*

**A**LTHOUGH he has patented sundry inventions himself, the Editor of the *Field* is perhaps the safest authority on the comparative merits of modern sporting weapons. In his professional capacity he has been called in as arbiter upon an infinite variety of conflicting claims, and we believe that he has invariably tried his utmost to do impartial justice to each. There can be no doubt, then, that his work must be of great value to those who are interested in its subjects in their technical aspects, though it will scarcely prove so inviting to the ordinary sportsman, since it turns chiefly upon minute details of the sciences of mechanics and chemistry. As yet we have only received the first volume, which treats of "Game and Wildfowl Guns," and a second volume is to follow. Mr. Walsh has very wisely gone little further back than about a quarter of a century, when the loading at the muzzle had begun to be exploded in favour of loading at the breech; and when the leading gunmakers, excited to a lively rivalry, had entered upon a neck-and-neck race in all manner of ingenious improvements. The previous ground had been almost exhaustively covered by Mr. Greener, in his recent work on *The Gun and its Development*, which dealt with the history and archaeology of all kinds of sporting implements, carrying us back to the days of long-bows and arbalets. Indeed Mr. Walsh offers an apology in his preface for presumption in following so quickly on Mr. Greener's track. But he rests his apology with some reason on the greater impartiality of an outsider to the trade, and on the superior range and exactness of his personal knowledge. Each gunmaker is thoroughly at home in his own works, as he well may be, considering the thought he has probably devoted to some patent he has been seeking to bring into fashion. But in the meantime he regards with comparative indifference the progress of the experiments undertaken by his competitors, and we find indeed that not unfrequently a patentee, rejoicing in the successful results of his ingenuity, has discovered to his disgust and surprise that his ideas have been virtually anticipated.

This volume of Mr. Walsh's, with its numerous illustrative woodcuts, is mainly technical, as we have remarked. Yet it is impossible to read through the chapters and between their lines without a perpetual awakening of the imagination to draw contrasts between the present and the past. We cannot help reflecting on the wonderful revolution in sport which has been brought about in the memory of middle-aged men. Until some five-and-twenty years ago the practice of shooting had really altered very little since the introduction of the shot-gun. It is true that the percussion-cap had replaced the flint; that the old single barrel had been generally abandoned for the double barrel—not altogether, perhaps, to the advantage of precision in aim, since the consciousness of a second chance in reserve was apt to encourage precipitation and carelessness. But, when the sportsman took the field with single gun—loading being a slow and

elaborate process—the number of his shots was necessarily limited. Even the introduction of solid loading-rods merely diminished its inconveniences. How often it was his fate to stand forcing down the wads into foul barrels while the birds of a broken covey were rising singly around him, offering the most tempting marks, but flying away with feathers unruffled. Anxiety and irritation aggravated his inevitable flurry, and the loading went all the more painfully forward. Then came the fumbling over the caps, possibly with cold fingers that scarcely felt them; and in rain the best patent caps would get soaked; the nipples would be choked with the damp powder; frequent miss-fires would put the victim off his shooting, and very possibly one of the barrels would become absolutely unserviceable. No wonder sportsmen welcomed the introduction of a form of gun which obviated all these grave inconveniences. The better the shooting the more valuable the breechloading system, especially to men of moderate means, since it often obviated the necessity for a second gun and a servant to load. The breech-loading idea, of course, was anything but a novel one; we believe, indeed, that it was nearly as old as the invention of firearms. Repeatedly tried and as frequently abandoned, it was only comparatively lately that an ingenious Frenchman succeeded in putting it into something like practicable shape. As Mr. Walsh explains the difficulties overcome by M. Lefancheux very succinctly, perhaps we may as well quote the passage:—

Nevertheless inventions had been brought out for loading at the breech, but all had failed because it was found impossible to stop the leakage of gas. Metal cases had been tried in the form now used, but it had been found that they could not be extracted, the present plan of bringing them out by a special automatic tool not having been devised. At length Lefancheux thought that a case made of brass and paper would answer the purpose, and at the same time constructed a gun with the barrels hinged in a peculiar way, so that their open breeches might be readily exposed for the introduction of the cartridge. Lastly, he placed a small percussion-cap in the middle of the base of this cartridge, and passed a brass pin through the side to reach it, thus enabling it to be exploded by the blow of the hammer, and at the same time affording a means of introducing the empty case by the nail of the fingers laying hold of the pin, supplemented if necessary by a little tool. Such was the simple form in which this invention, the germ of all the modern improvements, was introduced into this country a quarter of a century ago by Mr. Lang of Cockspur Street.

The conveniences of the breechloader were obvious, but old-fashioned sportsmen are conservative beyond all men; and they objected besides that those newfangled guns did not shoot so strong as the muzzle-loaders. And in the beginning this was unquestionably true, although nowadays there is certainly no inferiority in that respect, but rather the reverse. And this leads us to speak of the important inventions of Mr. Walsh for testing the comparative penetrating power of weapons and the comparative diffusion or concentration of their scattering charges. The old plan was to try guns at forty yards on a pad composed of compressed layers of brown paper. Of course the quality of different pads might, and, as a matter of fact, did, vary so materially that the results were most untrustworthy, while it was by no means difficult to manipulate the object-pads fraudulently. Mr. Walsh replaced them with the machine which he designated "the Field force gauge," which is a disc of metal, automatically registering "the effect produced by the blow given by the central pellets of a charge on a spiral spring." And as it has been found that in any trial of a gun much will depend on the strength and skill of the shooter, he supplemented his force gauge with a mechanical rest, framed with a certain amount of elasticity so as to represent the anatomy of a human shoulder; while, in talking of gun trials, he draws attention besides to the superior results to be obtained by minutely careful loading.

But nothing in the volume will be more practically interesting to novices than the remarks in the opening chapters as to the choice of guns for different varieties of sport. Mr. Walsh recommends the sportsman to weigh all the circumstances of his own individual case, since an excellent argument for some special form of gun may be outweighed by another which is irresistibly convincing. Thus, the grouse being a strong and fast-flying bird, rising wild as a rule and at considerable distances, it seems *prima facie* to be desirable to be equipped with a hard-hitting gun. But then, on the other hand, when walking through a long day on the moors, each ounce of weight will tell on the gun-carrier, so that it may pay best in the end to economize his strength and be content with a lighter gun of inferior killing power. Thus, while a light-weight should have it all his own way in the hunting-field, so far as pace combined with economy is concerned, a heavy man "has the pull" on the hill, so long as his weight comes from bone and sinew. And, again, in snipe-shooting, as the twisting bird presents a difficult mark, it would seem well to insure such a wide-killing circle as may be spread by a massive 12-bore. But, as there is a good deal of fatigue in wet and boggy walking, and as the sportsman should be quick and ready to follow the eccentric turns of the snipe, he will shoot straighter, and consequently bag more game, if he arms himself with a 16 or 20-bore. In covert-shooting, again—that is to say, in the old-fashioned covert-shooting, when you dive personally into thickets and through hedgerows, instead of doing the standing gentleman at a batteau in the rides and at the hot corners—the chances of ready shooting are increased by each inch you can take off the barrels. For the fashionable sport of grouse or partridge-driving a hard-shooting gun is indispensable, since "the birds come at a great pace towards the shooter in ambush, and must be met by shot travelling with proportionate velocity, if good work is to be done; for with a low one the shooter has to make a greater allowance, which increases the difficulty of taking

\* *The Modern Sportsman's Gun and Rifle; including Game and Wildfowl Guns, Sporting and Match Rifles, and Revolvers.* By J. H. Walsh ("Stonehenge"), Editor of "The Field." Vol. I. *Game and Wildfowl Guns.* Horace Cox: "The Field" Office. 1882.

a correct aim." And when driving, the weight is almost a matter of indifference, as the guns are carried for you from stand to stand. What Mr. Walsh has to say as to the steady reduction of the gunmaker's charges is equally curious and satisfactory. But competition has been increasing year by year; the country makers undersell the fashionable West-end artists; Liège vies with Birmingham, and Brussels underbids London; while the amount of business that must be done at those falling figures is demonstrated by the advertisement columns of the *Field*. We may remark, by the way, with reference to the Belgian competition, that it would appear that the Belgians do not pretend to rival the English in the thoroughness of their workmanship. On the contrary, their attention is directed, in the first place, to the cost, and, in the second place, to a certain superficial regard to appearances; nevertheless, as we know well from experience, the Belgians can turn out admirable weapons. Mr. Walsh tells us that when Lang introduced the Lefancheux patent in London, his charge was forty-five guineas; while Lancaster charged from fifty to sixty guineas for his "central fire." A few years afterwards, Lang could offer a second-quality gun, which was Birmingham made, for twenty pounds; and some other gunmakers of high reputation quickly followed suit in reductions, selling plain but satisfactory articles at fifteen guineas. And now a well-known firm have for some time been offering their "Keeper's gun" at six guineas, and Mr. Walsh speaks of the weapon in terms of warm approval. As for muzzle-loaders, they may be procured still more reasonably, and they are still in some demand even among English sportsmen who are contemplating a shooting trip to the interior of Africa or to other savage countries, out of reach of the gunmakers' shops. Indeed guns are made for the native African market at the extremely moderate price of seven shillings and sixpence. As to the figure at which the white trader transfers them to his black patrons, Mr. Walsh volunteers no information.

It is impossible satisfactorily to discuss a volume like this at any reasonable length, since we should lose ourselves in a labyrinth of special details before we had penetrated any distance into the pages; and, moreover, no one but an extremely well-informed expert could venture to pronounce between rivals who not unnaturally are jealously susceptible. But it will be seen that it contains a variety of hints which may be useful to intending purchasers of guns, or still more to the men who are continually replenishing their armouries; so that we can confidently recommend an intelligent glance through it, as likely to save money and to prevent disappointments.

#### FRENCH CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

##### II.

**M.** JULES VERNE adds to the list of *Voyages extraordinaires* a volume which is headed *L'école des Robinsons* (Hetzell), and which also contains a story called "Le Rayon vert," and a sketch called "Dix heures en Chasse." "*L'école des Robinsons*" is an engaging story of a young man's obstinate love of adventure, and of how a lesson was read to him in the most practical of methods. It begins with an island called Spencer Island, in the Pacific, being put up to auction at San Francisco. There are two bidders—William W. Kolderup, of San Francisco, and J. R. Taskinar, of Stockton. Kolderup is possessed of fabulous wealth, and after an exciting struggle Taskinar has to give in, which he does, promising himself that he will take his revenge. Now Kolderup has an orphan ward and god-daughter, Phina Hollaney, and also a nephew, Godfrey Morgan, who is engaged to Phina, but who has a mad passion for travel and adventure. Kolderup consents with seeming good-humour to the young man's spending a year, or even two years, in travel before the marriage; but he says to himself, "Ah! tu veux tâter des voyages avant d'épouser Phina! Eh bien! tu en tâteras, mon neveu!" Accordingly, he sends Godfrey off to New Zealand, accompanied by Mr. T. Artelett, commonly called Tartelett, a dancing-master. Why dancing-masters should suddenly crop up as the semi-heroes of Christmas books—another one occurs in a work by MM. Améro and Tissot—it is not altogether easy to determine. However, Tartelett is an amusing figure, and we note this influence of dancing-masters, not with any objection, but as a curiosity. In discussing the preparations for the voyage of Godfrey and Tartelett, M. Jules Verne goes out of his way on purpose, it would seem, to allow his printers to make some odd mistakes. Instead of telling us straight out where they started from and where they intended to go to, he must needs tell us that they might, if they had started at a different place and with different intentions, have gone by, amongst other lines, the "Shouthampton" or the "Withe-Star." As a matter of fact, they go in a steamer called *The Dream*, belonging to William W. Kolderup, and commanded by a person bearing the remarkable name of Turcotte, with whom William W. Kolderup has several secret interviews before the start takes place. When *The Dream* has got some little way on her course, it is discovered that there is a stowaway, a Chinaman, on board, and one wonders for a long time why this incident has been introduced. At the very end of the story some reason for its introduction is afforded, but it cannot be supposed that the reason is adequate. It has, as a rule, been one of the charms of M. Jules Verne's work that, with all its delightful fantasy and exaggeration and misleading show of scientific accuracy, it has combined an artistic feeling, both in character and construc-

tion. Here there is a decided falling off in this respect, although, as we have said, the story is attractive and exciting. To the larger class of M. Verne's readers these qualities will, no doubt, seem all-sufficing. *The Dream* is destined to encounter worse misfortunes than the presence on board of a Chinese stowaway. Presently Godfrey finds that he is in for a larger share of adventure than he had bargained for. He is called up in the night to be told that *The Dream* has struck on a reef. He is unwilling to make good his own escape while the fate of the captain and crew is uncertain; but the captain actually pushes him into the sea, and a few strokes carry him to the refuge of a rock, whence, as it seems, he sees the ship go down before his eyes. The rock is, of course, part of a desert island, and equally of course it turns out that Tartelett also has been saved from the wreck and cast ashore. On this island things happen which are in their way as astonishing as the things which happened in the other island—the *Île mystérieuse*—of which M. Verne has told us on a former occasion. Certain of the adventures which befall the two friends may be foreseen and explained by the experienced reader; while others absolutely defy explanation until the time comes for its being given by the author. All are amusing and stirring. One odd mistake which M. Verne has made we may note in passing. In due course a Man Friday is provided for the two Robinson Crusoes; and on being shown a mirror he goes through the conventional pantomime business which every savage with a true sense of what savages ought to do would go through on such an occasion. Hereon Tartelett says, "Mais c'est à peine un singe, ce moriaud!" and Godfrey replies, "Non, Tartelett, c'est plus qu'un singe, puisqu'il regarde derrière le miroir—ce qui prouve de sa part un raisonnement dont n'est capable aucun animal!" As a matter of fact, there are plenty of recorded instances of the same thing being done by cats and dogs. But it is an amusing characteristic of French writers to mistake their own fleeting impressions for established facts. However, we must not take leave of "*L'école des Robinsons*" with anything but words of praise for its lively and diverting character. "Le Rayon vert," which follows it, is, we think, decidedly less amusing; indeed, it might not unjustly be called tedious, consisting largely, as it does, of spun-out guide-book descriptions of Scotch scenery. It contains, however, one very exciting scene of a rescue; and probably its demerits would be less easily perceived if it were read before, instead of after, "*L'école des Robinsons*." The "Simple Boutade" called "Dix heures en Chasse," which follows the "Rayon vert," is full of fun; and capital sketches are provided for it by "Gédéon."

*Le vœu de Nadia* (Henry Gréville. Illustrations d'Adrien Marie. Plon) is as simple and pretty a story as can be wished for by careful mothers for their daughters' reading. *Le vœu de Nadia* deals with the circumstances in which a great Russian heiress made a somewhat hot-headed vow, and with the results which followed. The story is, judged from a severe standpoint, needlessly spun out; and we are inclined to resent the introduction of the death of the noble young man in whom Nadia finds a husband ready to comprehend and to carry out to the fullest her large-hearted schemes for the benefit of mankind. But, for some mysterious reason, it seems to be an accepted maxim that books intended, as this obviously is, for "family" reading should contain at least one incident or scene of this kind. Most of our readers are acquainted with the graceful ease of Henry Gréville's style, and with the author's special faculty for describing Russian life. People who do not care greatly for the domestic pathos business which figures largely in *Le vœu de Nadia* will find plenty to interest them in other ways in the volume, and notably in the description of the change which has come over the attitude of such men as Stepline towards their employers and benefactors. The characters are lightly, yet firmly, hit off; and Korzof and Nadia are an heroic pair who never weary the reader by posing upon stilts.

In MM. Tissot and Améro's volume *Aventures de trois fugitifs en Sibérie*, with illustrations by G. Pranishnikoff (Hachette), we are taken into the midst of a very different kind of Russian life, and are introduced to various thrilling and horrifying perils and escapes. This is the book referred to above, in which we have a dancing-master as a principal figure; but in this case he is a Frenchman, whereas in M. Jules Verne's work it is only said of Tartelett that he deserved to be a Frenchman. The adventures of the three fugitives are told with much spirit, but at times lean to being somewhat too appalling. The illustrations are decidedly above the average in merit.

Off his own pen M. Tissot gives us *La Hongrie de l'Adriatique au Danube: impressions de voyage* (Plon), a volume strikingly and handsomely illustrated with "10 héliogravures d'après Valerio et de plus de 160 gravures dans le texte, dont 100 dessins de Poirson." The héliogravures vary in merit as regards execution, but all have a special interest as illustrations of customs and manners. Of the other illustrations, some are full of spirit and *chic*, while others—as, for instance, the scene of a quarrel facing p. 244—are outrageously ill imagined and ill drawn. The letter-press is written in M. Tissot's accustomed talkative manner, and is lively and pleasant. The author's brief description of the Rudasfurdo is an agreeable proof that there are still French writers who, although they are not in the very first rank, have some respect for their language and for literature. M. Tissot's volume may altogether be described as a creditable specimen of an unpretending book of travel-talk, as to which the publishers have grudged no pains to add to its attractions.

The scene of *La Patrie avant tous* (F. Diény. Dessins par Benett et Lallemant. Hetzel) is laid at Strasburg, just before

the Franco-Prussian war; and this fact, taken in connexion with its title, may suffice to indicate the nature of the little book. Its end is curious:—

“Marie resta un instant pensive, puis, conduisant celui qui avait été son fiancé près de la fenêtre, et lui montrant la flèche de la cathédrale qui se dressait non loin de là au-dessus des toits,

“Le jour où le drapeau tricolore flottera là-haut,” lui dit-elle, “je serai votre femme.”

“Hélas!”

“Qui sait?” répliqua fièrement la jeune fille.

This seems to be hard lines on Wilhelm, whose only crime is that he is a German; but no doubt it provides an effective ending for the story, which for the rest is a good story of its kind.

In *Christophe Colomb* (dessins par L. Benett. Hetzel) M. Jules Verne tells, in a graphic and interesting way and with agreeable brevity, the story of Columbus and his voyages. The book is a desirable addition to the library of “éducation et récréation.”

*Lucia Avila* (Hetzel) is the latest addition to M. Lucien Biart's series of *Les Voyages involontaires*. In it we meet again and with pleasure our old friends of last year whom we left established on the Héronnière estate, and we are invited to contemplate a new set of adventures in which they and their old enemy Yago are mixed up. M. Biart has lost nothing of his dashing power of telling a story, and his story is well illustrated by M. Meyer.

The institution of the big, amusing, and profusely illustrated volume called *Le Tour du Monde* (Nouveau Journal des Voyages publié sous la direction de M. Edouard Charton. Hachette) has now reached its twenty-third year, and keeps thoroughly up to the mark both in letterpress and illustration.

From the same firm we have a very neat volume full of the most varied interest in *Cent Tableaux de Science Pittoresque par Albert-Lévy*.

Among the Christmas books of the year, but scarcely of them, is the magnificent volume headed *Les Chroniqueurs de l'Histoire de France depuis les origines jusqu'au XVI<sup>e</sup> siècle. Texte abrégé, coordonné et traduit par Mme. de Witt, née Guizot. Première série* (Hachette). This is a book of the utmost beauty as a work of publishing art; the illustrations alone demanding the highest praise for their care, finish, and profusion. It is impossible on this occasion to do justice to such a work. We hope to find an early opportunity of speaking of it at greater length. Meanwhile, amateurs of the various methods of illustration will do well to give their attention to the volume.

The same publishers issue with equal care and artistic sense the third volume of M. Amédée Guillemin's *Le Monde physique*. To this work also, which deals with magnetism and electricity, we may return on a more fitting opportunity.

The two yearly volumes of *Le Journal de la Jeunesse* (Hachette) for 1882 keep up fully the excellent character which has always belonged to that publication. Some of the consecutive stories contained in them have already been noticed in a separate form.

*Les procédés de la Gravure* (Alfred de Lastolot, rédacteur de la *Gazette des Beaux Arts*. Quantin) is a brief, yet exhaustive and most valuable, treatise on the art with which the book deals. No more competent writer on this subject than M. de Lastolot could have been found; and his letterpress is accompanied by illustrations which are at once attractive and practical.

We have from the same publishers a kindred work in *La Gravure* (le vicomte Henri Delaborde, de l'Institut). Both these little books are full of interest, and of both it may be said that “no amateur's library is complete without them.”

M. Rousselet's *Le Tambour du Royal-Auvergne*, with illustrations by Poiron (Hachette), is a picturesque and stirring book of adventure, which will delight the many boys who have a military turn of mind.

The *Bibliothèque Rose* and the *Bibliothèque des Merveilles*, published by MM. Hachette, have received many interesting additions.

M. Gazeau's *Les Bouffons* (*Bibliothèque des Merveilles*) has a special interest with regard to the recent reappearance on the stage of Triboulet.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MEMOIRS of the Civil War still form a large and very interesting element in the literature of the United States. It cannot, we think, be said that their publication at so late a date is in any considerable degree due to political reserve or personal reticence. The principal chiefs of the Northern army, while still holding military office, did not hesitate to publish, or authorize others to publish, the record of their own achievements within the shortest possible time after the termination of the struggle; nor in these military biographies was there, as a rule, any want of explicitness, or even of sharpness, in dealing with the reputations of living men. General Sherman's memoirs, it is true, damaged no man so deeply as himself. Of General Grant it is sufficient to say that he chose his biographer as ill as he was apt to choose his personal entourage, political and military. The reason why so many partial histories, and especially so many personal biographies, whose main or sole interest rests on the events of the four years 1861-5, are still in course of appearance must be sought in the age of so many leading military and naval chiefs of either side. A majority even of the Confederate officers best known to fame were young. Hill and Stuart were about thirty, Longstreet and Stonewall Jackson had scarcely

reached middle age; and the same may be said of Grant, McClellan, Sheridan, Sherman, and most of their colleagues. Hence many of the chief heroes of the war are either still living, or have died but lately, and the memoirs of the latter are only now given to the world. The readers of the Memoir that stands first on our list (1) will, we think, be somewhat surprised to be told that Admiral Dahlgren has not yet received his fair share of fame. His name is perhaps as well known, at any rate to Englishmen, as those of Farragut and Porter, whose achievements were certainly more brilliant than his. It was the fortune of Admiral Dahlgren to have held a very high and important post for many years before the war. One of the ablest artillerists of the Union, one of the most ingenious inventors in that branch of military science in a country which has borne so large a share in the vast progress which artillery has made within the last thirty years, he was at the head of the ordnance when the war broke out. He was almost at the outset appointed to what was then generally regarded as the most important naval command in President Lincoln's gift, the charge of the fleet blockading Charleston. At the head of that fleet, supported by a large military force, he practically achieved little or nothing; but undoubtedly because against such opponents and in such a situation neither Farragut nor Porter could have done more. It was their good luck to be charged with operations which lay within the range of possibility. The harbour of Charleston was capable of being fortified much more strongly than either Mobile Bay or the mouths of the Mississippi; but no one doubted that Dahlgren had done his best, and if he was unlucky, it was as McClellan was unlucky, in having an impracticable task assigned to him and being opposed to superior antagonists. One may doubt whether Grant would ever have achieved the first place in the armies of the Union had he been originally assigned to command in Virginia. It is perhaps unfortunate for the Admiral that his biography should have been written by his widow. The task of showing the veteran seaman and artillerist as he really was, a brave, modest, and eminently skilful officer, was by no means arduous; but the one person in the world who was most likely to exaggerate his merits, and who could not be expected to discern even a possibility of making him ridiculous, is the very person to whom the duty of editing his journals and recording his services has fallen. By publishing the Admiral's daily comments, hopes, fears, and complaints, just as they were written, in haste, amid the anxieties and hurry of elaborate and harassing operations, a certain injustice is done to his character and his judgment. We believe, however, that there are few officers in the Federal service—few perhaps in any service—who would not suffer much more severely under such an ordeal. Just allowances made, the journals and the records of his services in the Ordnance Department give us a very high idea not only of the Admiral's skill, his inventive genius, and his professional capacity, but also of his personal character.

Mr. Plum's account of the Telegraphic Service of the Civil War (2) has one serious fault. It is much too long, extending to two solid octavo volumes, and is needlessly lengthened by the insertion of matter which has very little to do with the main subject. It contains, however, a quantity of information that will be, we doubt not, attentively studied by military men of every country, and especially by those concerned in the department to which it specially relates. Completeness is a common, if not universal, characteristic of American works of this class; and Mr. Plum's book is perhaps as thorough as might have been expected from a writer actually engaged in the service whose achievements he records, and practically familiar with its subsequent development. There is much, indeed, to interest a non-professional reader, especially in the numerous anecdotes told of the failure or success of various novel schemes of secret communication, or their often very critical results. It may be owing to his greater familiarity with the working of the Federal Intelligence Department that it appears to so much more advantage in Mr. Plum's narrative than that of the Confederacy. Perhaps, too, prejudice may have something to do with the selection for special notice of Confederate failures and Federal successes. But, taking the author's account, it would seem that the Federal service had other advantages than those which must be ascribed to its incomparably greater material resources. Neither side seems to have made much effective use of balloons, even for the purpose to which they are most obviously adapted—reconnoitring. The intricate character of the country and the extent of its woodland must have rendered the task of the reconnoitring exceedingly difficult, as it often hampered seriously the actual movements of the two armies, and not infrequently rendered communication so difficult that one wing of the gigantic Federal host might be ignorant for hours of what was happening to the other. To the general reader perhaps the most interesting and amazing part of the work is that which relates to the use of ciphers. One great difficulty in telegraphic ciphering is the liability to simple blundering. We know to our cost how often the plainest messages are blundered even when the telegraphist has the advantage of known words and of plain common sense to guide him. When the words make no sense, and consequently there is no context, or when, still worse, as in an ordinary cipher, there are no recognizable words, and the letters are purely

(1) *Memoir of John A. Dahlgren, Rear-Admiral U. S. Navy*. By his Widow, M. V. Dahlgren. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(2) *The Military Telegraph during the American Civil War*. By W. R. Plum LL.B. 2 vols. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

arbitrary, blundering often reaches a point that baffles the ablest decipherer, and the message becomes as unintelligible with the key as without it. The Federal telegraphists seem to have overcome both difficulties. They contrived in the first place to use to a very large extent words and not letters as symbols; and, if we rightly understand Mr. Plum, advanced so far as to combine their arbitrary word-symbols into sentences with an apparent meaning of their own—of course wholly unconnected with their hidden sense. The Confederates do not appear to have been very clever or very careful even in the easier task of cipher letters. One very important despatch is given in facsimile, and we see at once two fatal and fundamental faults in it. In the first place, each letter is represented by a separate symbol; there is no such running of letters into one another as occurs in ordinary writing, and as might easily be made to go much further in an arbitrary cipher. Now it is an accepted maxim of decipherers that any paper written letter for letter with a single symbol representing each letter of the alphabet can be deciphered with almost absolute certainty. If the cipher be such that the separate letters cannot be distinguished, then the decipherer's ordinary methods fail altogether, and he may probably be finally baffled. But the Confederate blundering did not stop here. Two words were written in ordinary characters, and these two gave a clue to the two preceding, which explained seven of the symbols, and of course made the detection of the rest a mere matter of time. The simplest of the Federal cipher despatches here given would furnish interesting exercises to those amateurs who pride themselves most on their skill in detecting well-arranged cryptograms; the more complicated would, we feel sure, have baffled Edgar Poe himself. How the telegraph was sometimes used by the Confederate raiders, and especially by General Morgan, to send the enemy's troops in the wrong direction, and to obtain from the enemy's commissaries abundant supplies for his own forces, many of our readers probably remember.

The eighth number of Messrs. Scribner's *Campaigns of the Civil War* (3) is perhaps the most interesting of all, at least in its bearing upon the general issue. It has been entrusted to an officer of much humbler rank than the authors of most of the preceding numbers, and one who was too young to have participated himself in the events he relates. But it is not on that account inferior in execution, so far as we can judge, to most of its predecessors; and it has one merit which we should be loth to ascribe to the author's lack of personal experience. Yet it is certain that most of the authors of this series have spoken of the enemy in language very unbecoming soldiers, and much more appropriate to the usual temper of Radical politicians. Lieutenant Greene has the good sense and good feeling to speak of the enemy as "Confederates" and not as "rebels"—a word which, independently of its very questionable legal application, is, when used of a whole nation in arms, a mere term of vulgar abuse. History has till now repeated the mistake so generally made by contemporaries in judging the fortunes and the probable results of the American campaigns. The whole strength of the Confederacy was drained, its whole resources were strained to the uttermost, to keep its hold on Richmond. The North imitated the mistake of the South; so that in 1864 nearly half the Northern people were prepared to give up the struggle in despair. And yet, after July 1863, to any man whose attention was not fixed on Virginia alone, the case of the Confederacy seemed hopeless. Their fatal weakness lay in the existence of a great water channel right through the heart of the Confederacy, and in the enormous naval superiority of the enemy. Theoretically and practically from a strategic and military standpoint, the loss of the Mississippi ought to have been, and was, fatal to the South. It placed her in the position of France in 1815, with the enemy in possession of every frontier and able to attack from every side at once. Yet nothing is more clear in reading Lieutenant Greene's account, or indeed any tolerably written history of the conflict, that neither party fully appreciated the importance of this line. The North directed the greater part of its strength against Richmond, which might at any time prior to January 1865 have been evacuated without seriously impairing the military defence of the South, while the forces thrown upon the critical line of the Mississippi were but the overflows of the abundant strength of the North. They were, however, far more than sufficient to overwhelm the limited forces which the Confederate Government could or would spare from the defence of Virginia; and the utter inadequacy of the preparations made for the defence of the river and of the States bordering it is apparent in every line of the narrative. The interest of the struggle gathers round two incidents; first, the battle of Shiloh, the critical engagement of the Western conflict, when the Confederates were all but triumphant, and when, if they had known their own advantage and the state of the enemy's army, they might have utterly destroyed it. The second critical point was the defence of Vicksburg, a defence prolonged with heroic obstinacy till after the Federal flotilla had practically made its way past the fortifications. After Vicksburg fell, it was plain that the whole river was irretrievably lost to the Confederates, and from that moment the issue of the war was practically decided.

The third volume of the Report of the Secretary of the Interior for 1881 (4) contains the Report of the Geological Survey for that

year; a volume not less interesting than its predecessors, whose fulness of information we have often noted. The series, as a whole, is perhaps one of the most important contributions to the statistical department of geological science that any Government has ever made, but can hardly be said to belong in any sense to literature proper. The third volume for 1880 (5) contains the Report of the Education Bureau, a department occupied rather with inspection than with actual control, except as regards those few professional schools which are under the direction of the Federal Government.

Dr. Brockett has published an enormous volume with an equally enormous title, the whole of which we cannot undertake even to transcribe, for the purpose of demonstrating that the United States have achieved a position of equality with the foremost nations of the civilized world in one hundred years of independent national existence (6). To prove this theory, the editor has engaged the assistance of eminent literary and scientific writers who have made their respective subjects a special study; and the statistics and historical facts recorded therein may fairly be said to bear out the editor's conclusion. There is but one disparaging comment to which the work lays itself open, but that one will probably limit very seriously the circulation to which its truthfulness and good intention as well as the industry of its compilers might fairly entitle it. The greatness, wealth, and influence of the United States are worthy no doubt of all admiration, and justify no doubt all the self-laudation of which Americans have ever been accused; but who ever doubted them? for whom is the proof designed? or what proof could be so conclusive as a single page summarizing the results of the Census of 1880? In truth, the whole substance of this volume would be comprised in such a summary; what remains is either special technical information wholly uninteresting to the public, or mere froth and declamation. Who is going to read a thousand octavo pages in demonstration of that which no one doubted or denied?

Among the marvels of the world whereof America justly boasts are her gigantic caverns. It is curious how recently they have become known to the world; only within the last fifty years has their existence been familiar even to Americans, and only within a much more recent period have they been explored. Even now, with the exception of the Mammoth Cave, few of them have attained anything like the celebrity they deserve. Compared with Dr. Brockett's huge volume, the monograph of Mr. Hovey (7) is modest in the extreme, though characterized by the same tendency, if not exactly to exaggeration, yet to inflation of style and language. It would be difficult indeed to exaggerate either the wealth and resources of the United States, or the length, gloom, and roughness of the almost limitless underground passages of the Mammoth Cave and its minor competitors. The latter, of course, are but a very insignificant element in the greatness of the country which boasts of them, but they are perhaps one of its most unique and interesting sights—a sight much more attractive than the thousands of acres covered with brick and mortar, the thousands of square miles covered with harvests, set forth in Dr. Brockett's elaborate volume.

In the *Development of English Literature and Language* (8) Mr. Welsh had a subject among the grandest, if not the most novel, that a first-rate writer could desire, but also one in which a third-rate writer has of course an excellent opportunity of finding his proper place. It is impossible for any man who brings to such a subject real knowledge and real industry to produce a book utterly worthless; but Mr. Welsh has contrived to treat it in a style so exceptional and with a use of American peculiarities in the way of arrangement, capitals, headed paragraphs, and the like, so disagreeable that even the interest of the subject and the mass of substantial information collected in his two volumes will hardly overcome the English reader's instinctive distaste.

Mr. Washburn's *Studies in Early English Literature* (9) is a much less ambitious and perhaps a more useful volume. It can hardly, however, be fairly called a sketch, even in outline, of the subject, but rather contains the author's notes on the principal characteristics of the different periods he touches. It is in no sense a manual or history of the period embraced, from the earliest times of Anglo-Saxon authorship down to the reign of Elizabeth.

Messrs. Appleton have published two more volumes of their modest and readable "Home Series" (10)—one on what Miss Runtz-Rees calls Home Occupations (such, for example, as modelling in leather and wax, the preservation of flowers, and the collection of trifles), and another on the use of the needle, by a better known author, Miss E. Rodman Church.

(5) *Annual Report of the Secretary of the Interior for the Year ended June 30, 1880.* 3 vols. Vol. III. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(6) *Our Country's Wealth and Influence.* Edited by L. P. Brockett, A.M., M.D. Illustrated. Hartford, Connecticut: L. Stebbins. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(7) *Celebrated American Caverns, especially Mammoth, Wyandot, and Luray.* By H. C. Hovey. Illustrated. Cincinnati: Clarke & Co. London: Crosby Lockwood & Co. 1882.

(8) *Development of English Literature and Language.* By Alfred H. Welsh, A.M. 2 vols. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(9) *Studies in Early English Literature.* By E. W. Washburn. New York: Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

(10) *Appleton's Home Books—Home Occupations.* By Janet E. Runtz-Rees. *The Home Needle.* By Ella Rodman Church. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

[December 30, 1882.]

Mr. Leighton gives us one more of the innumerable monographs on the character of Hamlet (11), a subject on which American fancy and conjecture are almost as active as those of German commentators; more prolific, perhaps, than even those of English worshippers of Shakespeare.

Dr. J. Garnett has taken considerable pains to render into modern English—English often somewhat too modern and too much Latinized—the old Anglo-Saxon poem or saga of *Beowulf* (12). This much, at least, may be said for the work—it is likely to introduce a valuable relic of the oldest English literature to thousands who would otherwise never have heard of its existence.

This cannot be said of Mr. Baldwin's new setting or rewriting of the old story of Siegfried (13), a liberty taken with a choice and comparatively well-known relic of mediæval poetry which is not, to our mind, excused by the author's plea that the story has been told, in somewhat different forms, by more than one writer of the ages to which it belongs.

Two new numbers of the "Round Robin Series" (14) deserve a word of mention. Dr. Ben especially, if not always pleasant reading, has at least the merit of original conception and treatment; and its companion is short and readable.

Original, too, in conception at least, is Mr. Wilkinson's *Webster* (15), an elaborate ode in quarto, broken into several portions in various styles and metres, each pronouncing a versified panegyric on different oratorical, political, and forensic triumphs of the one eminent statesman whom New England has produced since the days of the *Federalist*. We fear that the author's purpose is not likely to be fulfilled; the ode will hardly add a single laurel leaf to the historical honours fairly due to a name now half forgotten; and, if anything could do so, it might tend to render a really eminent man slightly ridiculous. Miss Sangster's Household Poems (16) have, we are told, appeared for the most part in *Harper's Monthly* and other far inferior magazines. The pieces are, on the whole, somewhat above the ordinary level of magazine poetry, but perhaps hardly worth permanent preservation or likely to achieve it. Mr. Tilton's *Swabian Stories* (17) have given us some amusement, but scarcely the kind of pleasure intended by or gratifying to their author.

*Harper's Christmas Number* (18) is in every respect worthy of the rank which the magazine has attained, not only among American, but among English periodicals. If any doubt can be entertained of its success, it must be because both price and quality are much above the usual level. The illustrations aspire to be true works of art, and are certainly well worth the half-crown at which the number is priced. Of the principal engraving a certain number of proofs on "Japanese paper" have been taken, and these set off the artistic beauty and finish of the work as it deserves.

(11) *The Subjection of Hamlet: an Essay*. By William Leighton, Author of "Shakespeare's Dream" &c. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1882.

(12) *Beowulf: an Anglo-Saxon Poem; and the Fight at Finsburg*. Translated by J. M. Garnett, M.A., LL.D. Boston: Ginn, Heath, & Co. 1882.

(13) *The Story of Siegfried*. By James Baldwin. Illustrated. New York: Scribner's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

(14) *Round Robin Series—Rachel's Share of the Road; and Doctor Ben*. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(15) *Webster: an Ode*. 1782-1852. New York: Scribner's Sons. 1882.

(16) *Poems of the Household*. By Margaret E. Sangster. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(17) *Swabian Stories*. By Theodore Tilton. New York: R. Worthington. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

(18) *Harper's Christmas Pictures and Papers*. Done by the Tile Club and its Literary Friends. Christmas 1882. London: Sampson Low & Co.

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THE NEXT TERM will commence on Tuesday, January 23, 1883.

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UNITED SERVICES PROPRIETARY COLLEGE, WESTWARD HOO, 11, DEVON. NEXT TERM opens on Friday, January 10, 1883. Pupils direct from the School obtained the 1st and 17th places in the December Examination.

LEAMINGTON COLLEGE.

NEXT TERM begins Wednesday, January 24, 1883.

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December 30, 1882.]

# The Saturday Review.

**NEUENHEIM COLLEGE, HEIDELBERG.**—Head-Master, Rev. F. ARMSTRONG. First Class Classical Tripos, late Modern Language Master at Clifton College, with Seven Resident Assistant-Masters, French and German. Preparation for English Public Schools and Universities. Military Examinations, and for Commercial Life. German spoken. English diet, large cricket ground and fives' courts. References to Dean of Westminster; President of Trinity College, Oxford; Head-Masters of Clifton College, Bath College; Colonel Dunsterville, &c.

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## NAVAL CADETSHIPS.

Out of 99 Candidates nominated to compete for Royal Cadetships, November 1882, the following were declared the SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES by the Civil Service Commissioners, in order of merit:—

1. H. G. Grenfell .....	1884	17. William R. Willis .....	1845
2. A. B. F. Davies .....	1884	18. Henry R. Craven .....	1844
3. Philip W. Warden .....	1884	19. P. J. Wickham .....	1838
4. John Seymour Wm .....	1885	20. A. L. Morant .....	1837
5. Talbot Ponsonby .....	1885	21. R. D. Jeffreys .....	1894
6. H. L. P. Heard .....	1885	22. G. de L. O. Johnson .....	1000
7. Arnold Kolke .....	1885	23. J. E. G. Knight .....	981
8. James Conical L. ....	1885	24. M. S. Paisley .....	903
9. H. Halsey .....	1885	25. J. L. C. Taylor .....	987
10. A. C. M. Watling .....	1885	26. W. H. D. Margeson .....	959
11. W. S. Lambert .....	1885	27. E. G. Knight .....	933
12. W. H. Hamilton .....	1884	28. E. G. Knight .....	933
13. F. G. St. John .....	1879	29. H. C. Waters .....	928
14. W. Reginald Hall .....	1873	30. John Luce .....	924
15. E. Ashley Baird .....	1869	31. A. J. Gordon .....	917
16. G. M. R. Fair .....	1869	32. C. J. Collins .....	909
17. H. L. Mawbey .....	1869	33. H. L. Mawbey .....	947

### COLONIAL CADETSHIPS.

\*Thomas L. Shelford..... 745

### SERVICE CADETSHIPS.

C. M. Cowper Coles..... 747

H. W. Grant..... 711

In June 1878, pupils took 1st, 3rd, &c. places.
In June 1878, pupils took 1st, 3rd, &c. places.
In Nov. 1879, pupils took 4th, 5th, &c. places.
In Jun. 1880, pupils took 1st, 2nd, &c. places.
In Nov. 1880, pupils took 4th, 7th, &c. places.
In Jun. 1881, pupils took 1st, 2nd, &c. places.
In Nov. 1882, pupils took 1st, 6th, &c. places.
In Jun. 1883, pupils took 6th, 12th, &c. places.

N.B.—Those marked \* passed from Mr. FORSTER'S, Stubington House, Fareham, Hants.

**DERBY SCHOOL.** Founded 1160 A.D.—Another Master's Boarding House has lately been erected in one of the School Playing Fields. THE LENT TERM will begin January 24. The Honours gained at Oxford or Cambridge in the year ending December 20 include a First Class in Classical Honours, a Wrangler, a Senior Optime, a First Class in the Natural Sciences, Tripes, the Oxford Connington Prize Essay, Four "Open" Scholarships, a Foundation Scholarship, an Exhibition, a Trinity Scholarship; besides two high places in the Woolwich List, both direct from the School. Fees (nearly all inclusive), £70. Usually Five House Scholarships of £40, and Two Rowland Scholarships of £25 per annum, are awarded every year.—Address, the Rev. WALTER CLARK, B.D., Head-Master, or the SECRETARY, the School, Derby.

**MORNING PREPARATORY CLASS** for the SONS of GENTLEMEN (exclusively), 13 Somers Street, Portman Square. The LENT TERM will commence Monday Afternoon, January 15. New Boys, 2½; Junior Class, 3½; Upper School, 4½. Parents are requested to write for New Circular issued this Christmas to the Misses WOODMAN, Cranbourne House, Bournemouth, till January 12.

A CLERGYMAN, late Fellow of his College, is preparing his own SON, aged Twelve, for Winchester, and wishes to meet with another BOY to READ with him. Terms for a really suitable Boy very moderate. There are other Pupils in the house.—Address, M.A., 2 Evans Villas, Angles Road, Streatham.

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**IN the RECENT WOOLWICH COMPETITION,** the 2nd place was gained by Mr. L. P. Chapman, with 85½ marks. In the June Examination of Woolwich Cadets, Mr. R. Mackenzie gained the 1st place. Both these Gentlemen were Pupils of Mr. W. J. JEAFFRESON, Lansdowne House, Folkestone.

**ABINGDON SCHOOL,** Berks.—An Old Foundation, with new buildings, &c. System, that of the larger Public Schools, for which BOYS are also carefully prepared, with smaller numbers, and much less expense.—Applies for terms, Scholarships, &c., to the Rev. E. SUMMERS, B.D., Head-Master.

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**CITY and COUNTY of NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.**—**ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL.**—Appointment of HEAD-MASTER.—The Corporation of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the governors of this school, are desirous of receiving applications for the office of Head-Master, which will be vacant at Easter next. The Head-Master must be a graduate of some University in the United Kingdom. It is not necessary that he be in holy orders. He will receive a fixed stipend of £250 per annum, with a capitation payment dependent upon the number of boys in the school, but not being less than £10 per boy. He will also have the occupation of the Head-Master's dwelling-house. The present number of boys in the school is 340. The school is at present capable of providing for about 300 scholars, but this provision can be extended. The appointment will be made and the office will be held subject to the provisions of a scheme now in course of preparation by the Charity Commissioners. Applications of Candidates, with Testimonials endorsed "Head Mastership of Royal Grammar School," to be forwarded on or before the 15th day of January, 1883, to the undersigned, from whom further information can be obtained on application.—HILL MOTUM, Town Clerk.—Town Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, December 12, 1882.

**KING EDWARD THE SIXTH'S SCHOOL,** BIRMINGHAM. The Governors of this School being about to APPOINT a HEAD-MISTRESS to take charge of GIRLS' PRIMARY SCHOOL, now being erected in Albert Road, Aston, and six copies of testimonials to the SECRETARY, on or before the 14th day of February, 1883. The salary consist of a fixed payment of £150 per annum, together with a capitation fee of £1 on every girl above 100, provided that the maximum salary shall not exceed £300 per annum. Further particulars may be obtained on application to the SECRETARY, King Edward's School, New Street, Birmingham. Birmingham, December 27, 1882.

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The appointment will be made, and the offer will be held in all respects, subject to the provisions of the Scheme.

Applications from Candidates, with recent testimonials in sealed envelopes, to be forwarded on or before January 15, to the undersigned.

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Stanton, near Shrewsbury.

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Miss G. Fox	1 1 0	Rev. Cyril Stacey .....	50 0 0
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Rev. R. H. Gifford	1 1 0	Rev. C. T. Tucker .....	1 0 0
Rev. G. H. Gifford	1 1 0	Rev. G. H. Trenemheere .....	1 0 0
Rev. Alfred Field	5 0 0	Rev. H. L. Thompson .....	5 0 0
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Rev. G. W. Horner	2 2 0	Rev. W. W. Whitworth .....	5 0 0
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Rev. E. Handley	5 0 0	Miss White (Leamington) .....	5 0 0
Rev. Sackell Hope	5 0 0	Rev. W. W. Whitworth .....	5 0 0
Rev. G. H. Hobart	5 0 0	Miss Emily C. Wray .....	1 0 0
Mr. A. C. Howland	5 0 0	Rev. Joseph Wix .....	3 3 0
Misses Holroyd	5 0 0	Rev. Henry White (in five years) .....	5 0 0
Lady Maria Howard	8 10 0	Total .....	£14,313 13 11
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Mrs. Hewson	2 2 0		

Errata in last List: For Rev. J. Wyde, £10, read Rev. J. Wyde, £10. For Miss M. C. Keene, £10, read Miss Millicent Q. Reeve, £10.

SUBSCRIPTIONS extending over five years (if desired) are payable at Messrs. Hoares, 37 Fleet Street, E.C.; the Old Bank, Oxford; or to Mr. G. F. Phillimore, 86 Eaton Place, S.W.; Hon. Treasurer, H. O. Wakeman, All Souls' College, Oxford, Hon. Secretary for Oxford; and J. W. B. Riddell, 65 Belgrave Road, S.W., Hon. Secretary for London. Copies of letter from Rev. Dr. Litton, and Collecting Cards, will be forwarded on application.

IMPROVED SPECTACLES.

MR. HENRY LAURANCE, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, personally adapts his improved Spectacles at his residence, 3 Endleigh Gardens, Euston Square, London (three doors from St. Pancras Church), daily from Ten till Four (Saturdays excepted). Testimonials from Sir Julian Benedict, John Lowe, Esq., M.D., J.P., Lynn, Physician to H.R.H. Prince of Wales; Ven. Archdeacon Palmer, Clinton; Lieut.-Gen. Macmillan, Brechin; the Rev. Mother Abbess, St. Mary's Abbey, Hendon; and hundreds of others, in Mr. LAURANCE's pamphlet, "Spectacles: their Use and Abuse," post free.

The Saturday Review.

[December 30, 1882.]

LIFE ASSURANCES, &c.

PHEONIX FIRE OFFICE, LOMBARD STREET and CHARING CROSS, LONDON.—Established 1782. Insurances against Loss by Fire and Lightning effected in all parts of the World. Loss claims arranged with promptitude and liberality.

JOHN J. BROOKFIELD, Secretary.

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY, Established 1806.

FIRE AND LIFE, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

HEAD OFFICES—LONDON and ABERDEEN.

Fire Premiums ..... £451,000  
Life Premiums ..... 181,000  
Interest ..... 120,000  
Accumulated Funds ..... £2,708,000

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Established 1803. 1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C., and 29 FALL MALL, S.W.

CAPITAL, £1,600,000. PAID-UP and INVESTED.

Insurances against Fire on Property in all parts of the world at moderate rates of premium. Prompt and instant settlement of claims. Policies failing due at Christmas should be renewed by January 9, or the same will become void.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE, LIFE, MARINE.

Capital fully subscribed ..... £2,500,000.  
Capital paid up ..... £200,000.

Life Funds in Special Trust for Life Policy Holders exceed ..... £733,000.

TOTAL ANNUAL PREMIUM INCOME EXCEEDS ..... £1,050,000.

CHEIF OFFICES—19 and 20 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.  
WEST END OFFICES—8 FALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

GUARDIAN FIRE and LIFE OFFICE, 11 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Established 1821. Subscribed Capital, Two Millions.

Directors.

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Deputy-Chairman—ALBAN G. H. GIBBS, Esq.

Frederick H. Janson, Esq.  
Rt. Hon. G. J. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P.  
Charles Wm. Curtis, Esq.  
John B. Martin, Esq.  
Sir G. H. Lubbock, Bart.  
James Goodson, Esq.  
Thomas Hankey, Esq.  
Richard M. Harvey, Esq.  
Right Hon. J. G. Hubbard, M.P.

Manager of Fire Department—F. J. MARSDEN.

Actuary and Secretary—T. G. C. BROWNE.

Share Capital at present paid up and invested ..... £1,000,000.

Total Funds upwards of ..... £2,941,000.

TOTAL ANNUAL INCOME OVER ..... £517,000.

N.B.—Fire Policies which expire at Christmas should be renewed at the Head Office, or with the Agents, on or before January 9.

THE LONDON ASSURANCE, Incorporated by Royal Charter, A.D. 1720.

FOR FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES.

HEAD OFFICE—55 PARLIAMENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.

Governor—WILLIAM RENNIE, Esq.

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Deputy-Governor—GEORGE WILLIAM CAMPBELL, Esq.

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John Young, Esq.

West End Committee.

S. P. LOW, Esq. (Messrs. Grindlay & Co.)

CHARLES P. PARKER, Esq. (22 King Street, St. James's, S.W.)

THE FRANCIS PARKER, Esq. (3 Temple Gardens, E.C.)

NOTICE is hereby given that the Fifteen days of grace allowed for renewal of Christmas Fire Policies will expire on January 9.

Fire Policies will be payable upon proof of death and title being furnished to the satisfaction of the Court of Directors, without as hitherto deferring the settlement for a period of three months.

Prospects, copies of the Accounts, and other information can be had on application.

JOHN P. LAURENCE, Secretary.

ANNUAL SALE,

TEN MILLIONS.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

"BY a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and assimilation, and by the use of a series of well-selected cacao, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage, which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up under such conditions as tend to disease. Illnesses and maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.—This pure Solution is the best remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.—The Safest and most gentle Aperient for Delicate Constitutions, Ladies, Children, and Infants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS.

